SAMUEL BUTLER.

Done from an Original Picture in the Collection of Lord Chesterfield. *Cook Sc.*

London Printed for John Bell British Library Strand Feb.ry 7.th 1785.

1506/242

BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN,

COMPLETE, FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

BUTLER VOLUME 1.

Thus clad and fortifyd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.

Hudibras Canto 1 Line 329

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London March 1st 1777.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
61
JAN

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

FROM

THE TEXTS OF DR. GREY AND MR. THYER.

WITH THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

Now you muſt know Sir Hudibras
With ſuch perfections gifted was,
And ſo peculiar in his manner,
That all that ſaw him did but honour.——HUD. AT COURT.

But ſince his worſhip 's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this ſtone,
The Reader is deſir'd to look
For his achievements in his Book;
Which will preſerve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itſelf ſhall fail. HUD.'s EPITAPH.

Bell's *ſecond edition.*

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
61
JAN

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the time of the late Wars.

FROM THE TEXT OF ZACH. GREY, LL.D.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
61
JAN

POETA naſcitur, non fit, is a ſentence of as great truth as antiquity; it being moſt certain that all the acquired learning imaginable is inſufficient to complete a poet, without a natural genius and propenſity to ſo noble and ſublime an art. And we may, without offence, obſerve, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themſelves obnoxious to that ſatirical inſpiration our Author wittily invokes;

> Which made them, tho' it were in ſpite
> Of Nature and their ſtars, to write.

On the other ſide, ſome who have had very little human learning, but were endued with a large ſhare of natural wit and parts, have become the moſt celebrated poets of the age they lived in. But as theſe laſt are *raræ aves in terris*, ſo when the Muſes have not diſdained the aſſiſtances of other arts and ſciences, we are then bleſſed with thoſe laſting monuments of wit and learning which may juſtly claim a kind of eternity upon earth: and our Author, had his modeſty permitted him, might, with Horace, have ſaid,

> Exegi monumentum ære perennius;

or, with Ovid,

> Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,
> Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

The Author of this celebrated Poem was of this laſt compoſition; for although he had not the happineſs of an academical education, as ſome affirm, it

may be perceived, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accompliſhed in the moſt uſeful parts of human learning.

Rapin, in his Reflections, ſpeaking of the neceſſary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us, He muſt have a genius extraordinary; great natural gifts; a wit juſt, fruitful, piercing, ſolid, and univerſal; an underſtanding clear and diſtinct; an imagination neat and pleaſant; an elevation of ſoul that depends not only on art or ſtudy, but is purely a gift of Heaven, which muſt be ſuſtained by a lively ſenſe and vivacity; judgment to conſider wiſely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expreſſion of them, &c.

Now, how juſtly this character is due to our Author, I leave to the impartial reader, and thoſe of nicer judgments, who had the happineſs to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable Poem is ſo thoroughly eſtabliſhed in the world, that it would be ſuperfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyrick upon it.—However, ſince moſt men have a curioſity to have ſome account of ſuch [anonymous] authors, whoſe compoſitions have been eminent for wit or learning, I have been deſired to oblige them with ſuch informations as I could receive from thoſe who had the happineſs to be acquainted with him, and alſo to rectify the miſtakes of the Oxford Antiquary, in his *Athenæ Oxonienſes*, concerning him.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the Author of this excellent Poem, was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of February 1612. His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this son an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the free-school at Worcester under Mr Henry Bright; where, having passed the usual time, and being become an excellent school-scholar, he went afterwards, for some little time, to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that university, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education; so that our Author returned soon into his native country, and became clerk to one Mr. Jefferys of Earlscroom, an eminent justice of the peace for that county, with whom he lived some years in an easy and no contemptible service. Here, by the indulgence of a kind master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly history and poetry, to which, for his diversion, he joined musick and painting; and I have seen some pictures said to be of his drawing, which remained in that family; which I mention not for

the excellency of them, but to ſatisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art; for which alſo he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the moſt eminent painters of his time.

He was after this recommended to that great encourager of learning, Eliſabeth Counteſs of Kent, where he had not only the opportunity to conſult all manner of learned books, but to converſe alſo with that living library of learning, the great Mr. Selden.

Our Author lived ſome time alſo with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordſhire, but, to his diſhonour, an eminent commander under the Uſurper Oliver Cromwell; and then it was, as I am informed, he compoſed this loyal Poem. For though fate, more than choice, ſeems to have placed him in the ſervice of a Knight ſo notorious, both in his perſon and politicks, yet, by the rule of Contraries, one may obſerve, throughout his whole Poem, that he was moſt orthodox both in his religion and loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that time, becauſe he had then the opportunity to converſe with thoſe living characters of Rebellion, Nonſenſe, and Hypocriſy, which he ſo lively and pathetically expoſes throughout the whole Work.

After the reſtoration of King Charles II. thoſe who were at the helm minding money more than merit, our Author found thoſe verſes of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himſelf:

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi :-----

And being endued with that innate modeſty which rarely finds promotion in princes' courts, he became Secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord Preſident of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow-caſtle, when the Court there was revived. About this time he married one Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as our Oxford Antiquary has reported. She had a competent fortune, but it was moſt of it unfortunately loſt, by being put out on ill ſecurities, ſo that it was of little advantage to him. He is reported, by our Antiquary, to have been Secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the univerſity of Cambridge; but whether that be true or no, it is certain the Duke had a great kindneſs for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him than that Mæcenas of all learned and witty men, Charles Lord Buckhurſt, the late Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex, who, being himſelf an excellent poet, knew how to ſet a juſt value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and ſupply the neceſſities of thoſe whoſe modeſty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our Author was a ſignal inſtance, as ſeveral others have been who are now living. In fine, the integrity of his life, the acuteneſs of his wit, and eaſineſs of his converſation, had rendered him moſt acceptable to all men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of acquaintance, and

wiſely choſe ſuch only whom his diſcerning judgment could diſtinguiſh, as Mr. Cowley expreſſeth it,

From the great vulgar, or the ſmall.

And having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though perſonally known to few, he departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his good friend, Mr. Longueville *, of the Temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St. Paul, Covent-garden, at the weſt end of the ſaid yard, on the north ſide, under the wall of the ſaid church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway. And, ſince he has no monument yet ſet up for him †, give me leave to borrow his epitaph from that of Michael Drayton the poet, as the author of Mr. Cowley's has partly done before me:

And though no monument can claim
To be the treaſ'rer of thy name;
THIS WORK, which ne'er will die, ſhall be
An everlaſting monument to thee.

* "Mr. W. Longueville would fain have buried Butler "in Weſtminſter-Abbey, and ſpoke in that view to ſome "of thoſe wealthy perſons who had admired him ſo much "in his lifetime, offering to pay his part; but none of "them would contribute. Upon which Mr. Longueville bu-"ried him with the greateſt privacy (but at the ſame time "very decently) in Covent-garden churchyard, at his own "expenſe, himſelf and ſeven or eight perſons more fol-"lowing the corpſe to the grave." (Hudibras's *Life*, *Gen. Hiſt. Dict.* vol. VI. p. 299. marg. note.) And I will beg leave to add, that the Burial Service was read over him by the learned and pious Dr. Patrick, (afterwards Lord Biſhop of Ely) then miniſter of the parith.

† This is a miſtake. A monument was erected to the memory of Butler in 1721, by Mr. John Barber, citizen of

The Characters of this Poem are for the moſt part obvious, even to the meaneſt pretenders to learning or hiſtory; nor can ſcarce any one be ſo ignorant as not to know that the chief deſign thereof is a ſatire againſt thoſe incendiaries of church and ſtate who, in the late Rebellion, under pretence of religion, murdered the beſt of Kings to introduce the worſt of governments; deſtroyed the beſt of Churches, that hypocriſy, novelty, and nonſenſe, might be predominant amongſt us; and overthrew our wholeſome Laws and Conſtitutions, to make way for their bleſſed anarchy and confuſion, which at laſt ended in tyranny. But ſince, according to the proverb, *None are ſo blind as they that will not ſee*, ſo thoſe who are not reſolved to be invincibly ignorant, I refer, for their further ſatisfaction, to the hiſtories of Mr. Fowlis of *Preſbytery*, and Mr. Walker of *Independency*; but more eſpecially to that incomparable hiſtory lately publiſhed, wrote by Edward Earl of Clarendon, which are ſufficient to ſatisfy any unbiaſſed perſon that his general characters are not fictitious; and I could heartily wiſh theſe times were ſo reformed that they were not applicable to ſome even now living. However, there being ſeveral particular perſons reflected on, which are not commonly known, we have thought fit to do right to their memories; and, for the better information of the leſs

London; and the original inſcription thereon in Latin, with a tranſlation, will be found at the cloſe of this life of Butler.

learned readers, to explain their characters in ſome additional Annotations.

How often the imitation of this Poem has been attempted, and with how little ſucceſs, I leave the readers to judge. In the year 1663, there came out a ſpurious book, called *The ſecond Part of Hudibras*, which is reflected upon by our Author under the character of Whachum, towards the latter end of his Second Part. Afterwards came out *The Dutch and Scotch Hudibras* *, *Butler's Ghoſt*. *The Occaſional Hypocrite*, and ſome others of the ſame nature, which, compared with this, *Virgil's Traveſty* excepted, deſerve only to be condemned *ad ficum et piperem*; or, if you pleaſe, to more baſe and ſervile offices.

Some vain attempts have been likewiſe made to tranſlate ſome parts of it into Latin, but how far they fall ſhort of that ſpirit of the Engliſh wit, I leave the meaneſt capacity, that underſtands them to judge. The following Similes I have heard were done by the learned Dr. Harmer, once Greek Profeſſor at Oxon:

So learned Taliacotius, from, &c.

Sic adſcititios naſos de clune toroſi
Vectoris, doctâ ſecuit Taliacotius arte,

* May'ſt thou print H---, or ſome duller aſs,
Jotden, or him that wrote Dutch Hudibras.

Oldham, upon a printer that had expoſed him, by printing a piece. *Works*, p. 261.

Qui potuere parem durando æquare parentem.
At poſtquam fato Clunis computruit, ipſum
Una ſympathicum cœpit tabeſcere roſtrum.

So wind in the hypocondres pent, &c.

Sic hypocondriacis incluſa meatibus aura
Deſinet in crepitum, ſi fertur prona per alvum:
Sed ſi ſumma petat, montiſq; invaſerit arcem,
Divinus furor eſt, et conſcia flamma futuri.

So lawyers, leſt the Bear defendant, &c.

Sic legum myſtæ, ne forſan pax foret, Urſam
Inter furantem ſeſe, actoremque Moloſſum;
Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentiſque refigunt,
Luctanteſque canes coxis femoriſque revellunt.
Errores juſtaſque moras obtendere certi,
Judiciumque prius revocare ut prorſus iniquum.
Tandem poſt aliquod breve reſpiramen utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.
Ejá! agite, O cives! iterumque in prælia tradunt.

There are ſome verſes which, for reaſons of ſtate, eaſy to be gueſſed at, were thought fit to be omitted in the firſt impreſſion; as theſe which follow:

Did not the learned Glyn * *and Maynard* †,
To make good ſubjects traitors, ſtrain hard?

* Serjeant Glyn declared that the proteſtation of the Biſhops (in favour of their rights) was high treaſon. Echard's *Hiſt. of England*, vol. II. p. 276. He acted as judge during O. Cromwell's uſurpation. See Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. III. p. 332.

† Serjeant Maynard was a manager at the Earl of Strafford's trial; Echard, vol. II. p. 216.; and though, upon the declaration of No more Addreſſes to the King, 1647-8, he drew up a famous argument againſt that declaration, ſhewing that, by that reſolution, they did as far as in them

Was not the King, by proclamation,
Declar'd a traitor thro' the nation[*] ?

And now I heartily wish I could gratify your further curiosity with some of those *Golden Remains*[†]

lay, dissolve the Parliament, and he knew not after that with what security, in point of law, they could meet together, and join with them, Echard, vol. II. p. 595.; yet he condescended, during the usurpation, to act as Cromwell's Serjeant. When he waited on the Prince of Orange, with the men of the law, he was then near ninety, and said (as Bp. Burnet observes, *History of his own Time*, vol. II. p. 803.) the liveliest thing that was heard of on that occasion. The Prince took notice of his great age, and said "that he "had outlived all the men of the law of his time." He answered, "He had like to have outlived the Law, if his High-"ness had not come over." If that had happened he had certainly outlived it twice. He was very eminent in his profession, and made more of it than any one of his time. Mr. Whitelocke observes (in his *Memorial*) that he made 700*l.* in one summer's circuit; and to his great gains in his profession Mr. Oldham alludes. (See a Satire, Oldham's *Poems*, 1703, p. 424.)

> Then be advis'd, the slighted Muse forsake,
> And Cook and Dalton for thy study take;
> For fees each term sweat in the crowded Hall,
> And there for charters and crack'd titles bawl;
> Where M----d thieves, and pockets more each year,
> Than forty Laureates on a theatre.

* Alluding to the vote of the Parliament upon the King's escape from Hampton-Court, Nov. 11, 1647, (though he had left his reasons for so doing in a letter to the Parliament, and another to the General,) "That it should be confisca-"tion of estate, and loss of life without mercy, to any "one who detained the King's person, without revealing "it to the two Houses." Echard's *History of England*, vol. II. p. 588.

† These *Golden Remains* are to be found in volume Third, verbatim from Mr. Thyer's edition of 1759, printed from the manuscripts in the possession of Mr. Longueville.

which are in the cuſtody of Mr. Longueville; but not having the happineſs to be very well acquainted with him, nor intereſt to procure them, I deſire you will be content with the following copy, which the ingenious Mr. Aubrey aſſures me he had from the Author himſelf.

No Jeſuit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Ruſs to reconcile;
For where there is no ſtore of wealth,
Souls are not worth the charge of health.
Spain, in America, had two deſigns,
To ſell their goſpel for their mines.
For had the Mexicans been poor,
No Spaniard twice had landed on their ſhore.
'Twas gold the Catholick religion planted,
Which, had they wanted gold, they ſtill had wanted.

The Oxford Antiquary aſcribes to our Author two pamphlets, ſuppoſed falſely, as he ſays, to be William Pryn's; the one entitled *Mola Aſinaria*; or, *The Unreaſonable and Inſupportable Burden preſſed upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation*, &c. London, 1659, in one ſheet quarto. The other *Two Letters*; one from John Audland, a Quaker, to Will. Pryn; the other Pryn's Anſwer; in three ſheets in folio, 1672.

I have alſo ſeen a ſmall Poem, of one ſheet in quarto, on *Du Vall* *, a notorious highwayman, ſaid to be wrote by our Author, but how truly I know not.

* See this poem in the Third volume.—It is obſerved by Mr. Thyer, that this is the only genuine poem of Butler's, among the many ſpurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*. It was publiſhed under the Author's own name in the 1671.

M. S.
SAMUELIS BUTLERI,
Qui Strenshamiæ in agro Vigorn. nat. 1612.
obiit Lond. 1680.
Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer;
Operibus ingenii, non item præmiis, felix:
Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius;
Quo simulatæ religionis larvam detraxit,
Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit:
Scriptorum in suo genere, primus et postremus.
Ne, cui vivo deerant fere omnia,
Deesset etiam mortuo tumulus,
Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit
Johannes Barber, civis Londinensis, 1721.

Which is thus translated by the author of Westmonasterium, *in tom. I. p.* 79.

Sacred to the memory of
SAMUEL BUTLER,
Who was born at Strentham in Worcestershire, 1612.
And died at London 1680.
A man of extraordinary learning, wit, and integrity:
Peculiarly happy in his writings,
Not so in the encouragement of them:
The curious inventor of a kind of Satire amongst us,
By which he pluck'd the mask from pious Hypocrisy,
And plentifully exposed the villany of Rebels:
The first and last of writers in his way.
Lest he, who (when alive) was destitute of all things,
Should (when dead) want likewise a monument,
John Barber, citizen of London, hath taken care,
By placing this stone over him, 1721.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO I.

The Argument.

Sir HUDIBRAS his paſſing worth,
The manner how he ſally'd forth,
His arms and equipage are ſhown,
His horſe's virtues and his own:
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is ſung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon firſt grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealouſies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;

℣. 1.] To take in *dudgeon*, is inwardly to reſent ſome injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury. It was altered by Mr. Butler, in an edition 1764, to *civil fury*; (whether for the better or worſe the reader muſt be left to judge.) Thus it ſtood in edit. of 1684, 1689, 1694, and 1700. *Civil dudgeon* was reſtored in the edition of 1704, and has continued ſo ever ſince.

℣. 2.] It may be juſtly ſaid *They knew not why*; ſince, as Lord Clarendon obſerves, "The like peace and plenty, and uni-"verſal tranquillity, was never enjoyed by any nation for "ten years together, before thoſe unhappy troubles began."

℣. 3.] By *hard words*, he probably means the cant words uſed by the Preſbyterians and ſectaries of theſe times; ſuch as Goſpel-walking, Goſpel-preaching, Soul-ſaving, Elect, Saints, the Godly, the Predeſtinate, and the like; which they applied to their own preachers and themſelves.

Whoſe honeſty they all durſt ſwear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Goſpel-trumpeter, ſurrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle ſounded;
And pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with fiſt inſtead of a ſtick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whoſe very ſight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his ſtubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Knight Worſhipful on ſhoulder blade;

℣. 11. 12.] Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

℣. 13.] Our author, to make his Knight appear more ridiculous, has dreſſed him in all kind of fantaſtick colours, and put many characters together to finiſh him a perfect coxcomb.

℣. 14.] The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament army, but alſo Scoutmaſter-general in the counties of Bedford, Surrey, &c. This gives us ſome light into his character and conduct; for he is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious and ſanctified reſolutions for the good of his country. His peregrinations are ſo conſiſtent with his office and humour, that they are no longer to be called fabulous or improbable. The ſucceeding Cantos are introduced with large prefaces; but here the Poet ſeems impatient till he get into the deſcription and character of his hero.

℣. 17. 18.] *i. e.* He kneeled to the King, when he knighted him, but ſeldom upon any other occaſion.

Chief of domeſtick knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the ſaddle,
That could as well bind o'er as ſwaddle;
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of War, as well as Peace:
(So ſome rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water)
But here our Authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wiſe or ſtout:
Some hold the one, and ſome the other,
But, howſoe'r they make a pother,
The diff'rence was ſo ſmall, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made ſome take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an aſs,
Much more ſhe would Sir Hudibras;
(For that 's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write)
But they 're miſtaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was not ſuch.
We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very ſhy of uſing it,

℣. 23.] In this character of Hudibras all the abuſes of human learning are finely ſatirized: philoſophy, logick, rhetorick, mathematicks, metaphyſicks, and ſchool-divinity.

As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unleſs on holydays or ſo,
As men their beſt apparel do.
Beſide 't is known he could ſpeak Greek
As naturally as pigs ſqueak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 't is to whiſtle:
Being rich in both, he never ſcanted
His bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, altho' they 're found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,
He had ſuch plenty as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd;
And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps.
He was in logick a great critick,
Profoundly ſkill'd in analytick;

℣. 55. 56.] This is the property of a pedantick coxcomb, who prates moſt learnedly amongſt illiterate perſons, and makes a mighty pother about books and languages there, where he is ſure to be admired, though not underſtood.

℣. 62.] Here again is an alteration without any amendment; for the following lines,

And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps.

are thus changed in the editions of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700,

And truly ſo perhaps he was,
'Tis many a pious Chriſtian's caſe.

Reſtored in the edition of 1704.

He could diſtinguiſh, and divide
A hair 't wixt ſouth and ſouth-weſt ſide;
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute:
He 'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man 's no horſe;
He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a gooſe a juſtice,
And rooks Committee-men and Truſtees.
He 'd run in debt by diſputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by ſyllogiſm, true
In mood and figure he would do.
For rhetorick, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his ſpeech, or cough,

℣. 75.] Such was Alderman Pennington, who ſent a perſon to Newgate for ſinging (what he called) *a malignant pſalm.*

Ib.—] Lord Clarendon obſerves, "That after the declaration of No more addreſſes to the King, they who were "not above the condition of ordinary conſtables ſix or ſeven years before, were now the juſtices of the peace." Dr. Bruno Ryves informs us, That the "town of Chelmsford in "Eſſex was governed, at the beginning of the Rebellion, "by a tinker, two coblers, two tailors, and two pedlars."

℣. 76.] In the ſeveral counties, eſpecially the Aſſociated ones, (Middleſex, Kent, Surrey, Suſſex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeſhire) which ſided with the parliament, committees were erected of ſuch men as were for the Good Cauſe, as they called it, who had authority, from the members of the two Houſes at Weſtminſter, to fine and impriſon whom they pleaſed.

H' had hard words ready to ſhow why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Elſe when with greateſt art he ſpoke,
You 'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to ſhow 't, his ſpeech,
In loftineſs of ſound, was rich;
A Babyloniſh dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dreſs
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages;
'Twas Engliſh cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fuſtian heretofore on ſattin;
It had an old promiſcuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made ſome think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himſelf pronounce
A leaſh of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his ſtock would ne'er be ſpent:
And truly, to ſupport that charge,
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;

℣. 109.] The Preſbyterians coined a great number, ſuch as Outgoings, Carryings-on, Nothingneſs, Workings out, Goſpel-waking-times, &c. which we ſhall meet with here-

Words ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with haſty noiſe he ſpoke 'em;
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble ſtones
When he harangu'd, but known his phraſe,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In mathematicks he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometrick ſcale,
Could take the ſize of pots of ale;
Reſolve by ſines and tangents ſtraight
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does ſtrike, by Algebra.
Beſide, he was a ſhrewd philoſopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloſs over;
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt author hath,
He underſtood b' implicit faith:
Whatever ſceptick could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;

after in the ſpeeches of the Knight and Squire, and others, in this Poem; for which they are bantered by Sir John Birkenhead.

℣. 115.] This and the three following lines not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added in the edit. 1674. Demoſthenes is here meant, who had a defect in his ſpeech.

℣. 120.] An eminent Daniſh mathematician.

Ib.——] William Lilly, the famous aſtrologer of thoſe times.

℣. 129.] This and the following line not in the two firſt editions of 1664, and firſt inſerted in that of 1674.

℣. 131. *Enquire.*] *Inquere*, in all editions to 1689, incluſ.

Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he underſtood by rote,
And, as occaſion ſerv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either ſaid or ſung.
His notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abſtracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghoſts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in perſon does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what 's what, and that 's as high
As metaphyſick wit can fly:
In ſchool-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;
A ſecond Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Dunce:

℣. 152. *Irrefragable.*] Alexander Hales, ſo called: he was an Engliſhman, born in Glouceſterſhire, and flouriſhed about the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity was much in vogue; in which ſcience he was ſo deeply read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis;* that is, the *Invincible Doctor*, whoſe arguments could not be reſiſted.

℣. 153. 154. *Dunce.*] Thus they ſtood in the two firſt editions of 1664, left out in thoſe of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and

Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways beyond them all:

not reſtored till 1704. Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Friar, was born in 1224, ſtudied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the ſchool-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelick Doctor*, and *Eagle* of divines. The moſt illuſtrious perſons of his time were ambitious of his friendſhip, and put a high value on his merits, ſo that they offered him biſhopricks, which he refuſed with as much ardour as others ſeek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in 18 volumes, ſeveral times printed.

Johannes Dunſcotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The Engliſh and Scots ſtrive which of them ſhall have the honour of his birth. The Engliſh ſay he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Dunſe in the Merſe, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunſcotus*: Moreri, Buchannan, and other Scotch hiſtorians, are of this opinion, and, for proof, cite his epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia ſuſcepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. In the *Supplement* to Dr. Cave's *Hiſtoria Literaria*, he is ſaid to be extraordinary learned in phyſicks, metaphyſicks, mathematicks, and aſtronomy: that his fame was ſo great when at Oxford, that 30,000 ſcholars came thither to hear his lectures: that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Bleſſed Virgin, ſo that they appointed a feſtival on that account, and would admit no ſcholars to degrees but ſuch as were of this mind. He was a great oppoſer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine; and, for being a very acute logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the reaſon alſo that an old punſter always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

℣. 155, 156.] Gulielmus Occham was father of the Nominals, and Johannes Dunſcotus of the Reals. Theſe two lines not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added in 1674.

For he a rope of ſand could twiſt
As tough as learned Sorboniſt,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for ſcull
That 's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurniſhed.
He could raiſe ſcruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And ſtab herſelf with doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The ſores of Faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woful proof we find
They always leave a ſcar behind.
He knew the ſeat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was diſpos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or elſe above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her cloſet in his ſide;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a high Dutch interpreter;

℣. 157, 158.] Altered thus in edit. 1674, and continued till 1704.

And with as delicate a hand
Could twiſt as tough a rope of ſand.

If either of them had a navel;
Who firſt made muſick malleable;
Whether the ſerpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloſs or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, ſuch as men ſmatter
When they throw out and miſs the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Preſbyterian true blue;
For he was of that ſtubborn crew
Of errant ſaints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;

℣. 181.] Several of the Ancients have ſuppoſed that Adam and Eve had no navels; and, among the Moderns, the late learned Biſhop Cumberland was of this opinion.

℣. 189.] Mr. Butler is very exact in delineating his hero's religion; it was neceſſary that he ſhould be ſo, that the reader might judge whether he was a proper perſon to ſet up for a Reformer, and whether the religion he profeſſed was more eligible than that he endeavoured to demolith. Whether the Poet has been juſt in the pourtrait muſt be left to every reader's obſervation.

℣. 193, 194.] Where Preſbytery has been eſtabliſhed, it has been uſually effected by force of arms, like the religion of Mahomet: thus it was eſtabliſhed at Geneva in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, *&c.* In France, for ſome time, by that means, it obtained a toleration; much blood was ſhed to get it eſtabliſhed in England; and once, during that Grand Rebellion, it ſeemed very near gaining an eſtabliſhment here.

℣. 195, 196.] Upon theſe Cornet Joyce built his faith, when

Decide all controverſies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By Apoſtolick blows and knocks;
Call fire, and ſword, and deſolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended:
A ſect whoſe chief devotion lies
In odd perverſe antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs;
More peeviſh, croſs, and ſplenetick,
Than dog diſtract, or monkey ſick;
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;

he carried away the King, by force, from Holdenby: for when his Majeſty aſked him for a ſight of his inſtructions, Joyce ſaid, He ſhould ſee them preſently; and ſo drawing up his troop in the inward court, "Theſe, Sir, (ſaid the Cornet) are my in-"ſtructions."

℣. 199, 200.] Many inſtances of that kind are given by Dr. Walker, in his *Sufferings of the Epiſcopal Clergy*.

℣. 207, 208.] The religion of the Preſbyterians of thoſe times conſiſted principally in an oppoſition to the Church of England, and in quarrelling with the moſt innocent cuſtoms then in uſe, as the eating Chriſtmas-pies and plum-porridge at Chriſtmas, which they reputed ſinful.

℣. 213, 214.] They were ſo remarkably obſtinate in this reſpect, that they kept a faſt upon Chriſtmas-day.

Compound for ſins they are inclin'd to,
By damning thoſe they have no mind to:
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhipp'd God for ſpite:
The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for:
Freewill they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow:
All piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other men all ſin:
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love moſt tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and gooſe itſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme cuſtard thro' the noſe.
Th' apoſtles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were aſs and widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by faſt inſtinct
Of wit and temper, was ſo linkt,
As if hypocriſy and nonſenſe
Had got th' advowſon of his conſcience.

℣. 215, 216.] Added in 1674.

℣. 235, 236.] Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable inſtance of a fanatical conſcience in a captain, who was invited by a ſoldier to eat part of a gooſe with him; but refuſed, becauſe, he ſaid, it was ſtolen: but being to march away, he who would eat no ſtolen gooſe, made no ſcruple to ride away upon a ſtolen mare; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave ſufficient teſtimony to the world that the

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward:
That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wiſdom and his face;
In cut and die ſo like a title,
A ſudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of ſceptres and of crowns;
With griſly type did repreſent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphick ſpade,
Its own grave and the State's were made:
Like Samſon's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the publick downfal:

old Phariſee and new Puritan have conſciences of the ſelf-ſame temper, "To ſtrain at a gnat, and ſwallow a camel."

℣. 241.] Mr. Butler, in his deſcription of Hudibras's beard, ſeems to have had an eye to Jaque's deſcription of the Country Juſtice, in Shakeſpeare's play, *As you like it*. It may be aſked, Why the Poet is ſo particular upon the Knight's beard, and gives it the preference to all his other accoutrements? The anſwer ſeems to be plain; the Knight had made a vow not to cut it till the Parliament had ſubdued the King; hence it became neceſſary to have it fully deſcribed.

It was monaſtick, and did grow
In holy orders by ſtrict vow;
Of rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to ſuffer perſecution,
And martyrdom, with reſolution;
T' oppoſe itſelf againſt the hate
And vengeance of th' incenſed ſtate,
In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With redhot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 't was to ſtand faſt
As long as Monarchy ſhould laſt;
But when the ſtate ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal ſteel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate,
A ſacrifice to fall of ſtate,
Whoſe thread of life the Fatal Siſters
Did twiſt together with its whiſkers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that Time ſhould never,
In life or death, their fortunes ſever,
But with his ruſty ſickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,

℣. 257. It was *monaſtick.*] Altered to *canonick*, 1674. Reſtored 1704.

℣. 281.] Gaſper Taliacotius was born at Bononia, *A. D.*

Cut ſupplemental noſes, which
Wou'd laſt as long as parent breech,
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the ſympathetick ſnout.
His back, or rather burthen, ſhow'd
As if it ſtoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his ſire
Upon his ſhoulders thro' the fire,
Our Knight did bear no leſs a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almoſt got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper:
To poiſe this equally, he bore
A paunch of the ſame bulk before,
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial care
To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country houſe affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther ſhall dilate upon,
When of his hoſe we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of ſturdy buff,
And tho' not ſword, yet cudgel-proof,

1553, and was Profeſſor of phyſick and ſurgery there. He died 1599. His ſtatue ſtands in the Anatomy theatre, holding a noſe in its hand.—He wrote a treatiſe in Latin called *Chirurgia Nota*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noſes, ears, lips, &c. with the proper inſtruments and bandages. This book has paſſed through two editions.

Whereby 't was fitter for his uſe,
Who fear'd no blows but ſuch as bruiſe.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the ſiege of Bullen;
To old King Harry ſo well known,
Some writers held they were his own:
Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheeſe,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriours that delight in blood:
For as we ſaid, he always choſe
To carry vittle in his hoſe,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to ſurpriſe;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazin,
They ſtoutly on defence on't ſtood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till they were ſtorm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
And tho' knights errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough deſerts vaſt,
And regions deſolate, they paſt,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,

℣. 319.] This and the ſeven following lines are not in the two firſt editions of 1664, and added in that of 1674.

Unleſs they graz'd there's not one word
Of their proviſion on record;
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs but to fight.
'Tis falſe; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with ſhirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Tho' 't was no table ſome ſuppoſe,
But a hudge pair of round trunk hoſe,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their ſwords and truncheons,
They took their breakfaſts, or their nuncheons.
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhou'd forget where we digreſt,
As learned authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpoſe come.
His puiſſant ſword unto his ſide,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
With baſket-hilt that would hold broth,
And ſerve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To ſhoot at foes, and ſometimes pullets,
To whom he bore ſo fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any ſuch.
The trenchant blade, Toledo truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,

And ate into itſelf, for lack
Of ſome body to hew and hack:
The peaceful ſcabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, 't was ſo manful,
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhow his face.
In many deſperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading ſhoulder:
Oft' had it ta'en poſſeſſion,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This ſword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do:
It was a ſerviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a head,
It would ſcrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toaſt cheeſe or bacon; tho' it were
To bait a mouſe-trap, 't would not care:
'Twould make clean ſhoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and ſo forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,

But left the trade as many more
Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.
In th' holſters, at his ſaddle-bow,
Two aged piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his hoſe he could not get:
Theſe would inveigle rats with th' ſcent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And ſometimes katch 'em with a ſnap,
As cleverly as th' ableſt trap:
They were upon hard duty ſtill,
And ev'ry night ſtood ſentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hoſe
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble active force
He got on th' outſide of his horſe:
For having but one ſtirrup ty'd
T' his ſaddle on the further ſide,
It was ſo ſhort h' had much ado
To reach it with his deſp'rate toe;
But after many ſtrains and heaves,
He got up to the ſaddle-eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' ſeat
With ſo much vigour, ſtrength, and heat,
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,

By laying hold on tail and main,
Which oft' he us'd inſtead of rein.
But now we talk of mounting ſteed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething
Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.
The beaſt was ſturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I wou'd ſay eye, for h' had but one,
As moſt agree, tho' ſome ſay none.
He was well ſtay'd, and in his gate
Preſerv'd a grave, majeſtick ſtate;
At ſpur or ſwitch no more he ſkipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
And yet ſo fiery, he wou'd bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Cæſar's horſe, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half ſo tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground ſo ſoft;
And as that beaſt would kneel and ſtoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras his ('t is well known)
Would often do to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad:

His ſtrutting ribs on both ſides ſhow'd
Like furrows he himſelf had plough'd;
For underneath the ſkirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel:
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he wou'd flurt,
Still as his tender ſide he prickt,
With arm'd-heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For Hudibras wore but one ſpur,
As wiſely knowing, cou'd he ſtir
To active trot one ſide of's horſe,
The other wou'd not hang an arſe.

A Squire he had whoſe name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half,
Tho' writers, for more ſtately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre ſafe,
We 'll call him ſo; if not, plain Raph;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verſes,
With which, like ſhips, they ſteer their courſes)
An equal ſtock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
With ſubtle ſhreds a tract of land,

℣. 457.] Sir Roger L'Eſtrange *(Key to Hudibras)* ſays, This famous Squire was one Iſaac Robinſon, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, who was always contriving ſome new querpo cut in church government: but, in a *Key* at the end of a burleſque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12. 't is obſerved, "That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble a tailor, and one of "the Committee of Sequeſtrators."

Did leave it with a caſtle fair
To his great anceſtor, her heir;
From him deſcended croſs-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Againſt the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they deſtroy'd both great and ſmall.
This ſturdy Squire he had as well
As the bold Trojan knight, ſeen hell,
Not with a counterfeited paſs
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace:
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't;
Some call it Gifts, and ſome New-light;
A lib'ral art, that coſts no pains
Of ſtudy, induſtry, or brains.
His wit was ſent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—To and from my love—it lookt.
He ne'er conſider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horſe in the mouth,

℣. 485. *His* wits were *ſent him.*] In all editions to 1704 inclusive.

℣. 487, 488.] Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of ſilver was as common as ſixpences or ſhillings, and thoſe nine-pences were uſually bent as ſixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, To my love, and From my love; and ſuch nine-pences the ordinary fellows gave or ſent to their ſweethearts as tokens of love.

And very wiſely wou'd lay forth
No more upon it than 't was worth;
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too:
For ſaints themſelves will ſometimes be,
Of gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd ſtuff,
He could deep myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a needle:
For as of vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their way,
Whate'er men ſpeak by this new light,
Still they are ſure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lantern of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For ſpiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignus fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild-fowl, for ſalvation,
And fiſh to catch regeneration.
This light inſpires and plays upon
The noſe of ſaint, like bagpipe drone,

℣. 511.] Alluding to Ralpho's religion, who was probably an Anabaptiſt or Dipper.

And ſpeaks, thro' hollow empty ſoul,
As thro' a trunk, or whiſp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But ſpirit'al eaveſdroppers can hear:
So Phœbus, or ſome friendly Muſe,
Into ſmall poets ſong infuſe,
Which they at ſecond-hand rehearſe,
Thro' reed or bagpipe, verſe for verſe.
Thus Ralph became infallible
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point blank, tho' unaware.
For myſtick learning, wondrous able
In magick, taliſman, and cabal,
Whoſe primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's firſt green breeches;
Deep-ſighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, cou'd ſay;
A deep occult philoſopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Iriſh are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And ſolid lying much renown'd:
He Anthropoſophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, underſtood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;

In Roſycrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
He underſtood the ſpeech of birds
As well as they themſelves do words!
Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What member 't is of whom they talk
When they cry Rope, and Walk, Knave, walk.
He 'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glaſs, like water,
Of ſov'reign pow'r to make men wiſe;
For, dropt in blear thick-ſighted eyes,
They 'd make them ſee in darkeſt night,
Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.
By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had Firſt Matter ſeen undreſt:
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite thro', or elſe he ly'd;
Not that of Paſteboard, which men ſhew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great grandſire, firſt o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both couſin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble:
But Reformation was, ſome ſay,
O' th' younger houſe to Puppet-play.

He could foretel whats'ever was
By conſequence to come to paſs:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diſeaſes, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipſe of th' ſun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſy to be underſtood:
But with more lucky hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the ſtars depoſe,
Like Knights o' th' Poſt, and falſely charge
Upon themſelves what others forge;

℣. 573. The rebellious clergy would in their prayers pretend to foretel things, to encourage people in their rebellion. I meet with the following inſtance in the prayers of Mr. George Swathe, miniſter of Denham in Suffolk: "O my good Lord "God, I praiſe thee for diſcovering laſt week, in the day-"time, a viſion, that there were two great armies about York, "one of the malignant party about the King, the other party "Parliament and profeſſors: and the better ſide ſhould have "help from Heaven againſt the worſt; about, or at which "inſtant of time, we heard the ſoldiers at York had raiſed up "a ſconce againſt Hull, intending to plant fifteen pieces a-"gainſt Hull; againſt which fort Sir John Hotham, Keeper of "Hull, by a garriſon, diſcharged four great ordnance, and "broke down their ſconce, and killed divers Cavaliers in it.— "Lord, I praiſe thee for diſcovering this victory, at the inſtant "of time that it was done, to my wife, which did then pre-"ſently confirm her drooping heart, which the laſt week had "been dejected three or four days, and no arguments could "comfort her againſt the dangerous times approaching; but "when ſhe had prayed to be eſtabliſhed in faith in thee, then "preſently thou didſt, by this viſion, ſtrongly poſſeſs her ſoul "that thine and our enemies ſhould be overcome."

As if they were conſenting to
All miſchiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and ſway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They 'll ſearch a planet's houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a houſe below;
Examine Venus, and the Moon,
Who ſtole a thimble or a ſpoon;
And tho' they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very looks can gueſs,
And tell what guilty aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the goods:
They 'll queſtion Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 't was that nimm'd a cloke;
Make Mercury confeſs, and 'peach
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They 'll find, 'n th' phyſiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's deſtinies:
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' pill,
Caſt the nativity o' th' queſtion,
And from poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the moment
Of Native's birth, tell what will come on 't.
They 'll feel the pulſes of the ſtars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs,
And tell what criſis does divine
The rot in ſheep, or mange in ſwine;

In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves,
But not what wiſe, for only' of thoſe
The ſtars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more than can the aſtrologians:
There they ſay right, and like true Trojans,
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other courſe, of which we ſpoke.
Thus was th' accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge per'lous ſhrewd:
Never did truſty ſquire with knight,
Or knight with ſquire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours, too, were of a rate;
And out they ſally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horſeback had they jogged
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a ſad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned poets uſe,
Invoke th' aſſiſtance of ſome Muſe,
However criticks count it ſillier
Than jugglers talking to familiar;

We think 't is no great matter which,
They 're all alike, yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus do we accoſt.
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didſt inſpire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, tho' it was in ſpite
Of Nature, and their ſtars, to write;
Who (as we find in ſullen writs,
And croſs-grain'd works of modern wits)
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praiſes of the author, penn'd
B' himſelf, or wit-inſuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon 't,
All that is left o' th' Forked hill
To make men ſcribble without ſkill;
Canſt make a poet, ſpite of Fate,
And teach all people to tranſlate,
Tho' out of languages in which
They underſtand no part of ſpeech;
Aſſiſt me but this once, I 'mplore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.
In weſtern clime there is a town,
To thoſe that dwell therein well known,

¥. 665.] Brentford, which is eight miles weſt from London, is here probably meant, as may be gathered from Part II.

Therefore there needs no more be ſaid here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not underſtood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarſe tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour;
But now a ſport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting;
A bold advent'rous exercife,
With ancient hero's in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Iſthmian or Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That 's fix'd in northern hemiſphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at ſtake,

Cant. iii. ℣. 995, &c. where he tells the Knight what befel him there:

And tho' you overcame the Bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
Where ſturdy butchers broke your noddle.

℣. 678.] This game is uſhered into the Poem with more ſolemnity than thoſe celebrated ones in Homer and Virgil. As the Poem is only adorned with this game, and the Riding Skimmington, ſo it was incumbent on the Poet to be very particular and full in the deſcription: and may we not venture to affirm, they are exactly ſuitable to the nature of theſe adventures; and, conſequently, to a Briton, preferable to thoſe in Homer or Virgil.

That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout:
For after ſolemn proclamation
In the bear's name, (as is the faſhion
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none preſume to come ſo near
As forty foot of ſtake of bear,
If any yet be ſo fool-hardy,
T' expoſe themſelves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by ſuch a maim,
Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any preſs upon him, who 't is,
But lets them know, at their own coſt,
That he intends to keep his poſt.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the Knight his courſe did ſteer,
To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear,

℣. 689, 690.] Alluding to the bull-running at Tutbury in Staffordſhire; where ſolemn proclamation was made by the Steward, before the bull was turned looſe; "That all manner of perſons gave way to the bull, none being to come "near him by forty foot, any way to hinder the minſtrels, but "to attend his or their own ſafety, every one at his Peril." Dr. Plot's *Staffordſhire*.

As he believ'd he was bound to do
In conſcience and commiſſion too;
And therefore thus beſpoke the Squire:
We that are wiſely mounted higher
Than conſtables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we ſit,
Like ſpeculators ſhould foreſee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended miſchiefs farther than
Low Proletarian tithing-men;
And therefore being inform'd by bruit
That Dog and Bear are to diſpute,
For ſo of late men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere*)

℣. 714.] This ſpeech is ſet down, as it was delivered by the Knight, in his own words; but ſince it is below the gravity of Heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to ſpeak wiſely alike, and too much of ſo extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the reſt of his harangues have only his ſenſe expreſſed in other words, unleſs in ſome few places, where his own words could not be ſo well avoided.

℣. 715.] Had that remarkable motion in the Houſe of Commons taken place, the Conſtables might have vied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at leaſt; "That it was neceſſary for "the Houſe of Commons to have a High Conſtable of their "own that will make no ſcruple of laying his Majeſty by "the heels:" but they proceeded not ſo far as to name any body, becauſe Harry Martyn (out of tenderneſs of conſcience in this particular) immediately quaſhed the motion, by ſaying, The power was too great for any man.

Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To ſave th' expenſe of Chriſtian blood,
And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compoſe
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at ſtake
For Cov'nant and the Cauſe's ſake?

℣. 736.] This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was firſt framed and taken by the Scottiſh Parliament, and by them ſent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more cloſely in religion. It was received and taken by both Houſes, and by the City of London; and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every perſon was bound to give his conſent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

Ib.—*and Cauſe's ſake.*] Sir William Dugdale informs us that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to contribute and pray, "and do all they were able to bring in their brethren of "Scotland for ſettling of God's cauſe: I ſay (quoth he) "this is God's cauſe; and if our God hath any cauſe, this "is it; and if this be not God's cauſe, then God is no god "for me; but the Devil is got up into heaven." Mr. Calamy, in his ſpeech at Gūildhall, 1643, ſays, "I may truly "ſay, as the Martyr did, that if I had as many lives as "hairs on my head, I would be willing to ſacrifice all theſe "lives in this cauſe."

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church, and the Laws,
To ſet up an idol, then nick-nam'd The Cauſe,
Like Bell and Dragon to gorge their own maws.

But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears,
As well as we, muſt venture theirs?
This feud, by Jeſuits invented,
By evil counſel is fomented;
There is a Machiavilian plot,
(Tho' ev'ry nare olfact it not)
And deep deſign in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By ſetting brother againſt brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus ſatis*,
That *cane & angue pejus* hate us?
And ſhall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own ſelves, without cauſe?
That ſome occult deſign doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the noſe.
I wiſh myſelf a pſeudo-prophet,
But ſure ſome miſchief will come of it,
Unleſs by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what deſign, what intereſt,
Can beaſt have to encounter beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed Cauſe,
Frail Privilege, fundamental Laws,
Nor for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant nor Proteſtation,

Nor liberty of conſciences,
Nor Lords and Commons' Ordinances;
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor evil Counſellors to bring
To juſtice, that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the worſhip of us men,
Tho' we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worſhipp'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a rat, and ſome
For that church ſuffer'd martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth;
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death;
But no beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They had more wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better than ſo:

℣. 765.] *Nor* for free *Liberty of* Conſcience.] Thus the two firſt editions read: the word *free* was left out in 1674, and all the ſubſequent editions; and Mr. Warburton thinks for the worſe; *free liberty* being a moſt beautiful and ſatirical periphraſis for licentiouſneſs, which is the idea the Author here intended to give us.

℣. 766.] The King being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts of Parliament could be made; therefore when the Lords and Commons had agreed upon any bill, they publiſhed it, and required obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and ſometimes An Ordinance of Parliament.

But we who only do infuſe
The rage in them like *boute-feus*,
'Tis our example that inſtils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as ſome late philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, beaſts that converſe
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
Juſt ſo, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the Chriſtian brethren,
They ſew'd them in the ſkins of bears,
And then ſet dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichriſtian game.
To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
The point ſeems very plain to me;
It is an antichriſtian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
Firſt, for the name; the word Bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there 's no ſuch word
In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a ſin;
And ſo is (ſecondly) The thing:
A vile aſſembly 't is, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than

Provincial, Claſſick, National,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is idolatrous;
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatſoe'er
The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,
No leſs than worſhipping of Dagon.
Quoth Hudibras, I ſmell a rat;
Ralpho, thou doſt prevaricate:
For tho' the theſis which thou lay'ſt
Be true *ad amuſſim*, as thou ſay'ſt;
(For that Bear-baiting ſhould appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than Synods are, thou doſt deny
Totidem verbis, ſo do I)
Yet there 's a fallacy in this;
For if by ſly *homœoſis*,
Tuſſis pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to ſtur a f——t,
Thou wouldſt ſophiſtically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
But Bear-baiting may be made out,
In goſpel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or Parochial Claſſis;

ỽ. 831, 832.] Theſe two lines left out in the editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and reſtored 1704.

And that both are ſo near of kin,
And like in all, as well as ſin,
That put 'em in a bag, and ſhake 'em,
Yourſelf o' th' ſudden would miſtake 'em,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their wickedneſs;
For 't is not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worſt, tho' I name neither.
Quoth Hudibras, 'Thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 't is i' th' adage,
Id eſt, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thou wilt at beſt but ſuck a bull,
Or ſhear ſwine, all cry, and no wool;
For what can Synods have at all,
With Bear that 's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-affairs with Bear-baiting?
A juſt compariſon ſtill is
Of things *ejuſdem generis*:
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?

†. 851.] This and the following line thus altered 1674,

Thou canſt at beſt but overſtrain
A paradox and thy own brain.

Thus they continued in the editions 1684, 1689, 1700. Reſtored in 1704, in the following blundering manner,

Thou 'lt be at beſt but ſuch a bull, &c.

and the blunder continued, I believe, in all the editions to this time.

†. 860. *Include*, &c.] In the two firſt editions of 1663,

Comprehend them inclufive both.

If animal, both of us may
As juſtly paſs for Bears as they;
For we are animals no leſs,
Altho' of diff'rent ſpecieſes.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the caſe:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and ſuch as ſuit
Another manner of diſpute:
A controverſy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we muſt manage at a rate
Of proweſs and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promiſe,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor ſhall they be deceiv'd, unleſs
We 're ſlurr'd and outed by ſucceſs;
Succeſs, the mark no mortal wit,
Or ſureſt hand, can always hit:
For whatſoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, w' are ſteer'd by Fate,
Which in ſucceſs oft' diſinherits,
For ſpurious cauſes, nobleſt merits.
Great actions are not always true ſons
Of great and mighty reſolutions;
Nor do the bold'ſt attempts bring forth
Events ſtill equal to their worth;

✝. 862. *As* likely.] In the two firſt editions.

But ſometimes fail, and in their ſtead
Fortune and cowardice ſucceed.
Yet we have no great cauſe to doubt,
Our actions ſtill have borne us out;
Which tho' they 're known to be ſo ample,
We need not copy from example;
We 're not the only perſon durſt
Attempt this province, nor the firſt.
In northern clime a val'rous knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fiddler: we have both
Of theſe the objects of our worth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt, or victory to come.
'Tis ſung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land yclep'd—
To whom we have been oft' compar'd
For perſon, parts, addreſs, and beard;
Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame cauſe both have fought;
He oft' in ſuch attempts as theſe
Came off with glory and ſucceſs:
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal reſolution.

℣. 904.] The writers of the *General Hiſtorical Dictionary*, vol. VI. p. 291. imagine, "That the chaſm here is to be "filled with the words *Sir Samuel Luke*, becauſe the line "before it is of ten ſyllables, and the meaſure of the verſe "generally uſed in this Poem is of eight."

Honour is like a widow, won
With briſk attempt and putting on;
With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not ſlow approaches, like a virgin.

This ſaid, as yerſt the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with ruſty ſteel did ſmite
His Trojan horſe, and juſt as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty ſtomach groan'd
Juſt as that hollow beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd tail and blaſt of wind.
So have I ſeen, with armed heel,
A wight beſtride a Commonweal,
While ſtill the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen jade has ſtirr'd.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO II.

The Argument.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' beſt men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler priſoner,
Conveys him to enchanted caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in wooden Baſtile.

THERE was an ancient ſage philoſopher
That had read Alexander Roſs over,
And ſwore the world, as he cou'd prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
Juſt ſo Romances are, for what elſe
Is in them all but love and battles?
O' th' firſt of theſe w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean in what concerns juſt fight,
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
(Like thoſe that a whole ſtreet do raze
To build a palace in the place)

They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Juſt like the manhood of nine tailors:
So a wild Tartar, when he ſpies
A man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his ſpirit;
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd,
As in another is deſtroy'd:
For when a giant's ſlain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy caſe, no doubt,
A man ſhould have his brains beat out,
Becauſe he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their ſtones.
But as for our part, we ſhall tell
The naked truth of what befel,
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due deſert,
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profeſt, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to ſay, whether tollutation,
As they do term't, or ſuccuſſation)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how;
Yet ſome, from ſubtle hints, have got
Myſterious light it was a trot:
But let that paſs; they now begun
To ſpur their living engines on:
For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls,
The learned hold, are animals;
So horſes they affirm to be
Mere engines made by Geometry,
And were invented firſt from engines,
As Indian Britains were from Penguins.
So let them be, and, as I was ſaying,
They their live engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharſalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As Knight from ridge of ſteed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,

Much farther off, much farther he,
Rais'd on his aged beaſt, could ſee;
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All poſtures of the enemy:
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' obſerve their numbers and their order,
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean-while he ſtopp'd his willing ſteed,
To fit himſelf for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward;
Courage and ſteel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better, or for worſe.
His death-charg'd piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preſerving vittle,
Theſe being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's ſword from retentive ſcabbard;
And after many a painful pluck,
From ruſty durance he bail'd tuck:
Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that proweſs
In ſcabbard of his arms ſat looſe;
And, rais'd upon his deſp'rate foot,
On ſtirrup-ſide he gaz'd about,

℣. 74. *Rais'd* on, &c.] *From off*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

℣. 85, 86.] Thus altered, 1674,

Courage within, and ſteel without,
To give and to receive a rout.

℣. 92.] Thus altered, 1674,

He clear'd at length the rugged tuck.

Portending blood, like blazing ſtar,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no leſs ſpeed
Than Hugo in the foreſt did;
But far more in returning made;
For now the foe he had ſurvey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd expert and able.
Inſtead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warriour's ſtomach come,
Whoſe noiſe whets valour ſharp, like beer,
By thunder turn'd to vinegar,

†. 99, 100.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674.

The Squire advanc'd with greater ſpeed
Than could b' expected from his ſteed.

Reſtored in 1704.

†. 101, 102.] *But* with a great deal *more* return'd—*For now the foe he had* diſcern'd.] In the two firſt editions of 1664.

†. 106.] So called, from *croud*, a fiddle. This was one Jackſon a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the ſervice of the Roundheads, and had loſt a leg in it; this brought him to decay, ſo that he was obliged to ſcrape upon a fiddle, from one alehouſe to another, for his bread. Mr. Butler very judiciouſly places him at the head of his catalogue: for country diverſions are generally attended with a fiddler or bagpiper. I would obſerve in this place that we have the exact characters of the uſual attendants at a bear-baiting fully drawn, and a catalogue of warriours, conformable to the practice of Epick poets.

(For if a trumpet ſound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the hangman does diſpoſe,
To ſpecial friends, the knot of nooſe:
For 't is great grace, when ſtateſmen ſtraight
Diſpatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the ſtrings,
Which was but ſouſe to chitterlings:
For guts, ſome write, ere they are ſodden,
Are fit for muſick or for pudden;
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minſtrelſy by ſtring or wind.
His griſly beard was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his fiddleſtick;
For he to horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by authors 't is averr'd,
He made uſe only of his beard.
In Staffordſhire, where virtuous worth
Does raiſe the minſtrelſy, not birth,
Where bulls do chuſe the boldeſt king
And ruler o'er the men of ſtring,
(As once in Perſia, 't is ſaid,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horſe that neigh'd)

He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: his leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak;
For when a ſhin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber 's propt,
Eſteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place, tho' the younger brother.
Next march'd brave Orſin, famous for
Wiſe conduct, and ſucceſs in war;
A ſkilful leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now Marſhall to the champion Bear.
With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
The warriour to the liſts he led;
With ſolemn march, and ſtately pace,
But far more grave and ſolemn face;
Grave as the emperour of Pegu,
Or Spaniſh potentate, Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge or for retreat:
He knew when to fall on pellmell,
To fall back and retreat as well.

℣. 147. *Next* march'd *brave Orſin.*] *Next follow'd*, in the two firſt editions of 1664. Joſhua Golling, who kept bears at Paris garden in Southwark. However, ſays Sir Roger, he ſtood hard and faſt for the Rump Parliament.

℣. 159, 160.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,

Knew when t' engage his bear pellmell,
And when to bring him off as well.

Pellmell, *i. e.* confuſedly, without order.

So lawyers, left the Bear defendant,
And plaintiff Dog, ſhould make an end on 't,
Do ſtave and tail with Writs of Errour,
Reverſe of Judgment, and Demurrer,
To let them breathe awhile, and then
Cry Whoop, and ſet them on agen.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where diſcipline moſt rare is,
In military garden Paris:
For ſoldiers, heretofore, did grow
In gardens juſt as weeds do now,
Until ſome ſplayfoot politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions
For licenſing a new invention
They 'ad found out of an antique engin,
To root out all the weeds, that grow
In publick gardens, at a blow,
And leave th' herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quoth Stateſmen; Yes, an 't pleaſe ye,
When 't is once known you 'll ſay 't is eaſy.
Why then let 's know it, quoth Apollo:
We 'll beat a drum, and they 'll all follow.
A drum! (quoth Phœbus) Troth that 's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new:

But tho' of voice and inſtrument
We are th' undoubted preſident,
We ſuch loud muſick do not profeſs,
The Devil 's maſter of that office,
Where it muſt paſs; if 't be a drum,
He'll ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*;
To him apply yourſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his fee.
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
They 'ad better let 'em grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is, ſtout Orſin;
That which ſo oft' by ſundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all fighters,
More juſtly may b' aſcrib'd to this
Than any other warriour, *(viz.)*
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a ſoldier.
He was of great deſcent, and high
For ſplendour and antiquity,
And from celeſtial origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right line;
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their baſe births might be hid,

℣. 194.] The Houſe of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the Houſe of Lords, uſurped many branches of the Royal prerogative, and particularly this for granting licenſes for new inventions.

℣. 211.] This is one inſtance of the Author's making great things little, though his talent lay chiefly the other way.

(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made Jupiter himſelf, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old Homer firſt made lampoons)
Arctophylax, in northern ſphere,
Was his undoubted anceſtor;
From him his great foreſathers came,
And in all ages bore his name:
Learn'd he was in med'cinal lore,
For by his ſide a pouch he wore,
Replete with ſtrange hermetick powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank wou'd ſolder;
By ſkilful chymiſt, with great coſt,
Extracted from a rotten poſt;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks diſpenſe;
Tho' by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when ſlovens do amiſs
At others' doors, by ſtool or piſs,
The learned write, a redhot ſpit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey miſchief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong;

℣. 238. *Unto the* part, &c.] Unto the *breech*, in the two firſt editions 1664.

So this did healing, and as ſure
As that did miſchief, this would cure.
Thus virtuous Orſin was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude
Incomparable; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, ſung long ſince,
A ſkilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his ſkill,
No leſs than dint of ſword, cou'd kill.
The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With viſage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle *delle guerre*
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his noſe, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds, cant and langued,
Or, as the vulgar ſay, ſharp-fanged:
For as the teeth in beaſts of prey
Are ſwords, with which they fight in fray,
So ſwords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was by birth, ſome authors write,
A Ruſſian, ſome a Muſcovite,

And 'mong the Coſſacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That ſerve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimanſky was his couſin-german,
With whom he ſerv'd, and fed on vermine;
And when theſe fail'd he 'd ſuck his claws,
And quarter himſelf upon his paws:
And tho' his countrymen, the Huns,
Did ſtew their meat between their bums
And th' horſes' backs o'er which they ſtraddle,
And ev'ry man ate up his ſaddle;
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But ate it raw when 't came in 's way.
He 'ad trac'd the countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller,
Who writes, he ſpous'd in India,
Of noble houſe, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies
As ſtout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orſin oft' had been,
Each ſtriving to deſerve the crown
Of a ſav'd citizen; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more ſtout
By ſev'ral ſpurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;

But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, ſuch as he
Had lent, repaid with uſury.
Yet Talgol was of courage ſtout,
And vanquiſh'd oft'ner than he fought;
Inur'd to labour, ſweat and toil,
And, like a champion, ſhone with oil:
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherleſs, had made;
He many a boar and huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd:
With greater troops of ſheep h' had fought
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote;
And many a ſerpent of fell kind,
With wings before and ſtings behind,
Subdu'd; as poets ſay, long agone,
Bold Sir George, Saint George, did the Dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemick,
Diſeaſe, nor doctor epidemick,
Tho' ſtor'd with deletery med'cines,
(Which whoſoever took is dead ſince)
E'er ſent ſo vaſt a colony
To both the under worlds as he;

℣. 299.] A butcher in Newgate-market, who afterwards obtained a captain's commiſſion for his rebellious bravery at Naſeby, as Sir R. L'Eſtrange obſerves.

For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe, if mean:
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So ſacred with vile bungling.
Next theſe the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame;
Yet when with Orſin he wag'd fight,
'Tis ſung he got but little by 't:
Yet he was fierce as foreſt-boar,
Whoſe ſpoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' ſevenfold ſhield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But braſs was feeble to reſiſt
The fury of his armed fiſt;
Nor cou'd the hardeſt iron hold out
Againſt his blows, but they would through 't.
In magick he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen-head;
Profoundly ſkill'd in the black art,
As Engliſh Merlin for his heart;

ỽ. 331.] Simeon Wait a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burroughs, who, with equal blaſphemy to his Lord of Hoſts, would ſtyle Oliver Cromwell the Archangel giving battle to the Devil.

But far more ſkilful in the ſpheres,
Than he was at the ſieve and ſhears.
He cou'd transform himſelf to colour,
As like the devil as a collier;
As like the hypocrites, in ſhow,
Are to true ſaints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick diſpatch of ſlaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuſs, and ſaker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The trumpet and the kettledrum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the firſt that e'er did teach
To make, and how to ſtop a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half wou'd thruſt, the other ſtrike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He ſcorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla lov'd, Trulla, more bright
Than burniſh'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, ſtout and tall,
As Joan of France, or Engliſh Mall:

℣. 365.] The daughter of James Spenter, debauched by Magnano the tinker. So called, becauſe the tinker's wife or miſtreſs was commonly called his *trull*.

Ib.] Alluding probably to Mary Carlton, called *Kentiſh Moll*, but more commonly *The German Princeſs*; a perſon notorious at the time this Firſt Part of Hudibras was publiſhed. She was tranſported to Jamaica 1671, but returning from tranſportation too ſoon, ſhe was hanged at Tyburn Jan. 22, 1672-3.

Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
Thro' thick and thin ſhe follow'd him
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forſook:
At breach of wall, or hedge ſurpriſe,
She ſhar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herſelf with matchleſs courage,
And laid about in fight more buſily
Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthefile.
And tho' ſome criticks here cry ſhame,
And ſay our authors are to blame,
That (ſpight of all philoſophers,
Who hold no females ſtout but bears,
And heretofore did ſo abhor
That women ſhould pretend to war,
They would not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt dame
To ſwear by Hercules's name)
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;
To lay their native arms aſide,
Their modeſty, and ride aſtride;
To run atilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As ſtout Armida, bold Thaleſtris,
And ſhe that would have been the miſtreſs

℣. 382.] This and the three following lines not in the two firſt editions of 1664.

Of Gundibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country laſs;
They ſay 't is falſe without all ſenſe,
But of pernicious conſequence
To government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in proſe;
Strip Nature naked to the ſkin,
You 'll find about her no ſuch thing.
It may be ſo, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that 's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by that have ſeen 't,
Or, what 's as good, produc'd in print;
And if they will not take our word,
We 'll prove it true upon record.
The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
Of all his race the valiant'ſt:
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in ſong,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt ſide:
Ill has he read that never hit
On him in Muſes' deathleſs writ.

℣. 409. *Cerdon.*] A one-eyed cobler, like his brother Colonel Hewſon. The Poet obſerves that his chief talent lay in preaching. Is it not then indecent, and beyond the rules of decorum, to introduce him into ſuch rough company? No; it is probable he had but newly ſet up the trade of a Teacher; and we may conclude that the Poet did not think that he had ſo much ſanctity as to debar him the pleaſure of his beloved diverſion of Bear-baiting.

He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That thro' a bull-hide ſhield wou'd pierce,
And cut it in a thouſand pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
With whom his black-thumb'd anceſtor
Was comrade in the ten years' war:
For when the reſtleſs Greeks ſat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-ſol'd boots no leſs than fights,
They ow'd that glory only to
His anceſtor, that made them ſo.
Faſt friend he was to reformation,
Until 't was worn quite out of faſhion;
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and cou'd take note,
Tranſcribe, collect, tranſlate, and quote:
But preaching was his chiefeſt talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,

℣. 435.] Mechanicks of all ſorts were then Preachers, and ſome of them much followed and admired by the mob. "I "am to tell thee, Chriſtian Reader," (ſays Dr. Featley, preface to his *Dipper dipp'd*, wrote 1645, and publiſhed 1647, p. 1.) "This new year of new changes, never heard "of in former ages, namely, of ſtables turned into temples, "and, I will beg leave to add, temples turned into ſtables, "(as was that of St. Paul's, and many more) ſtalls into "quires, ſhopboards into communion-tables, tubs into pul-"pits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanicks of the "loweſt rank into prieſts of the high places.—I wonder "that our door-poſts and walls ſweat not, upon which ſuch

He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like ram or bull at Conventicle:
For diſputants like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that ſpring from ſculls.
Laſt Colon came, bold man of war,
Deſtin'd to blows by fatal ſtar;
Right expert in command of horſe,
But cruel, and without remorſe.

" notes as theſe have been lately affixed; on ſuch a day ſuch " a brewer's clerk exerciſeth, ſuch a tailor expoundeth, " ſuch a waterman teacheth.—If cooks, inſtead of mincing " their meat, fall upon dividing of the Word; if tailors " leap up from the ſhopboard into the pulpit, and patch " up ſermons out of ſtolen ſhreds; if not only of the loweſt " of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, prieſts are conſe- " crated to the Moſt High God—Do we marvel to ſee ſuch " confuſion in the Church as there is!" They are humo- rouſly girded in a tract entitled, *The Reformado preciſely character'd, by a modern Church-warden*, p. 11. " Here are " felt-makers (ſays he) who can roundly deal with the " blockheads and neutral dimicaſters of the world; coblers " who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle " Scripture to a briſtle; coachmen who know how to lath " the beaſtly enormities, and curb the headſtrong inſolences " of this brutiſh age, ſtoutly exorting us to ſtand up for " the truth, leſt the wheel of deſtruction roundly overrun " us. We have weavers that can ſweetly inform us of the " ſhuttle ſwiftneſs of the times, and practically tread out " the viciſſitude of all ſublunary things, till the web of our " life be cut off: and here are mechanicks of my profeſſion " who can ſeparate the pieces of ſalvation from thoſe of " damnation, meaſure out every man's portion, and cut it " out by a thread, ſubſtantially preſſing the points, till they " have faſhionably filled up their work with a well-bot- " tomed concluſion."

¥. 441. *Colon.*] Ned Perry, an hoſtler.

That which of Centaur long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horſe were of a piece;
One ſpirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame vigour, fury, wroth;
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart,
Altho' his horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on man's fleſh, as ſame goes:
Strange food for horſe! and, yet, alas!
It may be true, for fleſh is graſs.
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Than Hercules to clean a ſtable;
As great a drover, and as great
A critick too, in dog or neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cauſe ſhe wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himſelf and his leſs cruel ſteed.
It was a queſtion whether he
Or 's horſe were of a family
More worſhipful; 'till antiquaries
(After they 'ad almoſt por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'neſs on the horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not only horſe, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder houſe:

For beaſts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs.
Theſe worthies were the chief that led
The combatants each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of ſev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and ſhires,
Of eaſt and weſtern hemiſpheres.
From foreign pariſhes and regions,
Of different manners, ſpeech, religions,
Came men and maſtiffs; ſome to fight
For fame and honour, ſome for ſight.
And now the field of death, the liſts,
Were enter'd by antagoniſts,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haſte approach'd,
With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
But firſt thus from his horſe beſpake 'em.
What rage, O Citizens! what fury
Doth you to theſe dire actions hurry?
What œſtrum, what phrenetick mood
Makes you thus laviſh of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boaſt
And unreveng'd walks——ghoſt?
What towns, what garriſons might you,
With hazard of this blood, ſubdue,

Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain untriumphable fray?
Shall ſaints in civil bloodſhed wallow
Of ſaints, and let the cauſe lie fallow?
The cauſe, for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o'er?
Then becauſe quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With oaths and ſwearings to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will ſeem a mere God-dam me rant,
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the King
Againſt himſelf, the ſelf-ſame thing,
Some will not ſtick to ſwear, we do
For God and for Religion too;
For if Bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do?
The blood and treaſure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.

℣. 503, 504.] Mr. Walker obſerves, "That all the cheating, covetous, ambitious perſons of the land were united "together under the title of the Godly, the Saints, and "ſhared the fat of the land between them;" and he calls them the Saints who were canonized no where but in the Devil's Calendar.

℣. 513, 514.] The Preſbyterians, in all their wars againſt the King, maintained ſtill that they fought for him; for they pretended to diſtinguiſh his political perſon from his natural one: his political perſon, they ſaid, muſt be, and was with the Parliament, though his natural perſon was at war with them.

Are theſe the fruits o' th' Proteſtation,
The prototype of Reformation,
Which all the ſaints, and ſome, ſince martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
When 't was reſolv'd by either Houſe
Six Members' quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noiſes formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the Biſhops down?
Who having round begirt the palace,
(As once a month they do the gallows)
As Members gave the ſign about,
Set up their throats with hideous ſhout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to ſettle
Church-Diſcipline, for patching kettle;
No ſow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;
The oyſter women lock'd their fiſh up,
And trudg'd away to cry No Biſhop;
The mouſe-trap men laid ſave-alls by,
And 'gainſt Ev'l Counſellors did cry;
Botcher's left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church;

℣. 530.] Good Lord, (ſays the *True Informer*, p. 12.) "What a deal of dirt was thrown in the Biſhops' faces? "—what infamous ballads were ſung? what a thick cloud "of epidemical hatred hung ſuddenly over them? ſo far, "that a dog with a black and white face was called a *Bi-ſhop*."

Some cry'd the Covenant, inſtead
Of pudding-pies and gingerbread;
And ſome for brooms, old boots and ſhoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Common-Houſe:
Inſtead of kitchen-ſtuff, ſome cry
A Goſpel-preaching Miniſtry;
And ſome for old ſuits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-book:
A ſtrange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation.
And is this all? Is this the end
To which theſe Carr'ings on did tend?
Hath Publick Faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all ſorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry tradeſman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did Saints, for this, bring in their plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the cauſe had need on't,
Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.
Did they coin piſs-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horſe and dragoons?
And into pikes and muſqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups and porringers?

℣. 553, 554.] Theſe flights, which ſeem moſt extravagant in our Poet, were really excelled by matter of fact. The Scots (in their *Large Declaration*, 1637, p. 41.) begin their petition againſt the Common Prayerbook thus;—"We men, "women, and children, and ſervants, having conſidered, "&c." *Foulis's Hiſt. of Wicked Plots.*

A thimble, bodkin, and a ſpoon,
Did ſtart up living men as ſoon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Juſt like the dragon's teeth b'ing ſown.
Then was the Cauſe of gold and plate,
The Brethrens' off'rings, conſecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The Saints fell proſtrate, to adore it:
So ſay the Wicked—and will you
Make that ſarcaſmus ſcandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beaſts more unclean than calves or ſteers?
Have pow'ful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themſelves out and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and ſin'ſter,
I'th' pow'r of Goſpel-preaching Min'ſter?
Have they invented tones to win
The women and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Prov'dence what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?

ṽ. 589.] It was a common practice to inform God of the tranſactions of the times. "Oh! my Good Lord God, (ſays "Mr. G. Swathe, *Prayers*, p. 12.) I hear the King hath ſet "up his ſtandard at York againſt the Parliament and city "of London.—Look thou upon them, take their cauſe into "thine own hand; appear thou in the cauſe of thy Saints, "the cauſe in hand—It is thy cauſe, Lord. We know that "the King is miſled, deluded, and deceived by his Popiſh, "Arminian, and temporiſing rebellious, malignant fac-

Diſcover'd th' Enemy's deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine?
Preſcrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?

" tion and party, *&c.*" " They would, (ſays Dr. Echard) " in their prayers and ſermons tell God that they would " be willing to be at any charge and trouble for him, and " to do as it were any kindneſs for the Lord; the Lord " might now truſt them, and rely upon them, they ſhould " not fail him; they ſhould not be unmindful of his buſi- " neſs; his work ſhould not ſtand ſtill, nor his deſigns be " neglected. They muſt needs ſay that they had formerly " received ſome favours from God, and have been as it " were beholden to the Almighty; but they did not much " queſtion but they ſhould find ſome opportunity of making " ſome amends for the many good things, and (as I may ſo " ſay) civilities which they had received from him. In- " deed, as for thoſe that are weak in the Faith, and are " yet but babes in Chriſt, it is fit that they ſhould keep at " ſome diſtance from God, ſhould kneel before him, and " ſtand, (as I may ſay,) cap and hand to the Almighty: but " as for thoſe that are ſtrong in all Gifts, and grown up in " all Grace, and are come to a fulneſs and ripeneſs in the " Lord Jeſus, it is comely enough to take a great chair, " and ſit at the end of the table, and, with their cock'd hats " on their heads, to ſay, God, we thought it not amiſs to " call upon thee this evening, and let thee know how af- " fairs ſtand. We have been very watchful ſince we were " laſt with thee, and they are in a very hopeful condition. " We hope that thou wilt not forget us; for we are very " thoughtful of thy concerns. We do ſomewhat long to " hear from thee; and if thou pleaſeſt to give us ſuch a " thing (*Victory*) we ſhall be (as I may ſo ſay) good to thee " in ſomething elſe when it lies in our way." See a remark- able Scotch Prayer much to the ſame purpoſe, *Scourge*, by Mr. Lewis, No. XVI. p. 130. edit. 1717.

Told it the news o'th' laſt expreſs,
And after good or bad ſucceſs
Made prayers, not ſo like petitions
As overtures and propoſitions,
(Such as the Army did preſent
To their Creator, the Parl'ament)
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot acquieſce,
Unleſs the Work be carry'd on
In the ſame way they have begun,
By ſetting Church and Commonweal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all agog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?

† 602.] Alluding probably to their ſaucy expoſtulations with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple-bar, uſed the following words: "O "Lord, thou haſt never given us a victory this long while, "for all our frequent faſting. What doſt thou mean, O "Lord, to fling into a ditch, and there to leave us?" And one *Robinſon*, in his Prayer at Southampton, Aug. 25, 1642, expreſſed himſelf in the following manner: "O God, O God, "many are the hands that are lift up againſt us, but there is "one God, it is thou thyſelf, O Father, who does us more "miſchief than they all." They ſeemed to encourage this "ſaucineſs in their publick ſermons. "Gather upon God, "(ſays Mr. R. Harris, *Faſt Sermon before the Commons*) and "hold him to it as Jacob did; preſs him with his precepts, "with his promiſes, with his hand, with his ſeal, with his "oath, till we do δυσωπειν, as ſome Greek Fathers boldly "ſpeak; that is, if I may ſpeak it reverently enough, put "the Lord out of countenance; put him, as you would ſay, "to the bluſh, unleſs we be maſters of our requeſts."

The Parl'ament drew up petitions
To 'tſelf, and ſent them, like commiſſions,
To well-affected perſons, down
In ev'ry city and great town,
With pow'r to levy horſe and men,
Only to bring them back agen?
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the pill'ry rode?
Have all theſe courſes, theſe efforts,
Been try'd by people of all ſorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cauſe's ſervice,
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine fray?
Shall we, that in the Cov'nant ſwore
Each man of us to run before
Another, ſtill in Reformation
Give Dogs and Bears a diſpenſation?
How will Diſſenting Brethren reliſh it?
What will Malignants ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each man ſwore to do his beſt
To damn and perjure all the reſt?
And bid the Devil take the hin'moſt
Which at this race is like to win moſt.
They 'll ſay our bus'neſs, to Reform
The Church and State, is but a worm;

For to ſubſcribe, unſight, unſeen,
T' an unknown Church diſcipline,
What is it elſe, but beforehand
T' engage, and after underſtand?
For when we ſwore to carry on
The preſent Reformation,
According to the pureſt mode
Of churches beſt reform'd abroad,
What did we elſe but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches theſe ſhould be;
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame caſe
With theirs that ſwore *et cæteras;*
Or the French League, in which men vow'd
To fight to the laſt drop of blood.
Theſe ſlanders will be thrown upon
The cauſe and work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for bedlam,

†. 651.] The Holy League in France, deſigned and made for the extirpation of the Proteſtant religion, was the original out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with difference only of circumſtances) moſt faithfully tranſcribed. Nor did the ſucceſs of both differ more than the intent and purpoſe; for, after the deſtruction of vaſt numbers of people of all ſorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both ſworn to defend. And as our Covenanters ſwore every man to run one before another in the way of Reformation, ſo did the French, in the Holy League, to fight to the laſt drop of blood.

Rather than goſpel-walking times,
When ſlighteſt ſins are greateſt crimes.
But we the matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious ſcandal:
In name of King and Parl'ament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen,
And to thoſe places ſtraight repair
Where your reſpective dwellings are.
But to that purpoſe firſt furrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of miſchief;
That makes diviſion between friends,
For Profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noiſe,
On which illegally he plays,

, ℣. 673.—676.] The threatening puniſhment to the Fiddle was much like the threats of the pragmatical troopers to puniſh Ralph Dobbin's waggon, *Plain Dealer*, vol. I. "I was driven (ſays he) into a town upon the 29th of May, "where my waggon was to dine. There came up in a great "rage ſeven or eight of the troopers that were quartered "there, and aſked "What I buſhed out my horſes for?" "I told them, "To drive flies away." But they ſaid, I "was a Jacobite raſcal, that my horſes were guilty of high "treaſon, and my waggon ought to be hanged.—I anſwer-"ed, "It was already drawn, and within a yard or two of "being quartered; but as to being hanged, it was a com-"pliment we had no occaſion for, and therefore deſired "them to take it back again, and keep it in their own "hands, till they had an opportunity to make uſe of it."—

Shall *(dictum factum)* both be brought
To condign pun'ſhment, as they ought.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gainſay;
For then I 'll take another courſe,
And ſoon reduce you all by force.
This ſaid, he clapt his hand on ſword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.
But Talgol, who had long ſuppreſt
Inflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him: Thou vermine wretched,
As e'er in meaſled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of worſhip, that doſt grow
On rump of juſtice as of cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen luggage
O' th' ſelf, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy ſteed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;

" I had no ſooner ſpoke theſe words, but they fell upon me " like thunder, ſtript my cattle in a twinkling, and beat " me black and blue with my own oak branches."

℣. 683, 684.] It may be aſked, Why Talgol was the firſt in anſwering the Knight, when it ſeems more incumbent upon the Bearward to make a defence; Probably Talgol might then be a Cavalier; for the character the Poet has given him doth not infer the contrary; and his anſwer carries ſtrong indications to juſtify the conjecture.

℣. 694. Is lam'd, and tir'd *in halting hither.*] Thus it ſtands in the two firſt editions of 1663.

How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy lumber againſt us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itſelf about,
Where thou, ſecure from wooden blow,
Thy buſy vanity might ſhow?
Was no diſpute afoot between
The caterwauling Brethren?
No ſubtle queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe out-o'-their wits, and thoſe i' th' wrong?
No prize between thoſe combatants
O' th' times, the land and water ſaints,
Where thou might'ſt ſtickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not for want of bus'neſs, come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut purſe, or burglary abroad?
No ſtolen pig, nor plunder'd gooſe,
To tie thee up from breaking looſe?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou ſtatute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſy from foul evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out journey work for thee,

And ſet th' a taſk, with ſubornation,
To ſtitch up ſale and ſequeſtration,
To cheat, with holineſs and zeal,
All parties and the commonweal?
Much better had it been for thee
He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
Or ſent th' on bus'neſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee thither:
But if th' haſt brain enough in ſcull
To keep itſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of ſtones,
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt,
Which I 'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.
At this the knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he ſmote on ſtomach ſtout,
From whence, at length, theſe words broke out:
Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with truſty ſword and ſpur,

℣. 732. *To keep* within its *lodging*.] Edit. 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Reſtored to the preſent reading 1704.

℣. 741.] Hudibras ſhewed leſs patience upon this than Don Quixote did upon a like occaſion, where he calmly diſtinguiſhes betwixt an affront and an injury. The Knight is irritated at the ſatirical anſwer of Talgol, and vents his rage in a manner exactly ſuited to his character; and when his paſſion was worked up to a height too great to be expreſſed in words, he immediately falls into action; but, alas! at his firſt entrance into it, he meets with an unlucky diſappointment; an omen that the ſucceſs would be as indifferent as the cauſe in which he was engaged.

For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up veal,
Nor all thy tricks and ſlights to cheat,
And ſell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magick to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
And ſtop the gangreen in ſtale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by bullock ne'er withſtood;
Tho' arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes, made to hew down lives,
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of Juſtice, or this blade,
Which I, her ſword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military:
Nor ſhall theſe words of venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native place,
Thy ſtomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, tho' I am free;
Thou down the ſame throat ſhall devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em:
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid that wight
With gantlet blue and baſes white,

℣. 752. Turn death of nature to *thy work.*] In the two firſt editions of 1664.

And round blunt truncheon by his ſide,
So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That wou'd in Job or Grizel ſtir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His gunſhot, that in hoſtlers watch'd,
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Againſt th' outſide of Talgol's ſcull,
Vowing that he ſhou'd ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murther:
But Pallas came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the ſpring and hammer thruſt
Her gorgon ſhield, which made the cock
Stand ſtiff, as 't were transform'd to ſtock.

℣. 781.—783.] This, and another paſſage in this Canto, are the only places where deities are introduced in this Poem: as it was not intended for an Epick Poem, conſequently none of the heroes in it needed ſupernatural aſſiſtance: how then comes Pallas to be uſhered in here, and Mars afterwards? probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whoſe heroes ſcarce perform any action, (even the moſt feaſible) without the ſenſible aid of a deity; and to manifeſt that it was not the want of abilities, but choice, that made our Poet avoid ſuch ſubterfuges. He has given us a ſample of his judgment in this way of writing in the paſſage before us, which, taken in its naked meaning, is only—That the Knight's piſtol was, for want of uſe, grown ſo ruſty, that it would not fire; or, in other words, that the ruſt was the cauſe of his diſappointment.

℣. 784. *Stand ſtiff, as* if 't were turn'd t' a *ſtock.*] In edit. 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Reſtored 1710.

Mean-while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
But he, with petronel upheav'd,
Inſtead of ſhield, the blow receiv'd;
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great maſter's gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd with mortal ſtripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haſte,
Drew out his ſword; yet not ſo faſt
But Talgol firſt, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown ſword was out,
With ſtomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The truſty cudgel did oppoſe
Itſelf againſt dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itſelf again.
And tho' the ſword (ſome underſtood)
In force had much the odds of wood,

℣. 787.—Smote *the Knight.*] In the two editions of 1664.

℣. 787, 788.

And he with rufty piſtol held——
To take the blow on like a ſhield.

Thus altered 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Reſtored 1704.

℣. 797. *But when his* rugged *ſword was out.*] In the two firſt editions of 1664.

℣. 798. *Courageouſly.*] 1674, to 1704, inclufive.

'Twas nothing ſo; both ſides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was val'ant'ſt:
For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd,
Tho' iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuits of death,
Whilſt all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take, or kill.
This Hudibras obſerv'd; and fretting,
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow;
But Talgol wiſely avoided it
By cunning flight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.
Mean-while the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and ſtraight grew
A diſmal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruiſe, and that for blood.

℣. 825.

But now fierce Colon 'gan draw on,
To aid the diſtreſs'd champion.

In the two firſt editions of 1664.

℣. 828. *A* fierce diſpute.] 1674, to 1704, inclusive.

With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,
While none that ſaw them cou'd divine
To which ſide conqueſt would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many men vy,
By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thiſtles grew on barren ground,
In haſte he drew his weapon out,
And having cropt them from the root,
He clapt them underneath the tail
Of ſteed, with pricks as ſharp as nail:
The angry beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if he 'ad been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſengage from thiſtle,
That gall'd him ſorely under his tail;
Inſtead of which, he threw pack,
Of Squire and baggage, from his back;
And blund'ring ſtill, with ſmarting rump,
He gave the Knight's ſteed ſuch a thump

℣. 844. *With* prickles ſharper than a *nail.*] Edit. 1674, to 1704, inclusive.

℣. 846. And feel regret on *fundament.*] In the two firſt editions of 1664.

As made him reel. The Knight did ſtoop,
And ſat on further ſide aſlope:
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By ſlight eſcap'd the fatal blow;
He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with ſuch might and ſtrength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And daſh'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that ſtill protects the ſtout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whoſe ſoft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down,
The friendly rug preſerv'd the ground,
And headlong-Knight, from bruiſe or wound:

℣. 855. That ſtagger'd *him.*] Edit. 1674, to 1700, incluſ.

℣. 864, 865.] I would here obſerve the judgment of the Poet: Mars is introduced to the Knight's advantage, as Pallas had been before to his diſappointment. It was reaſonable that the God of War ſhould come in to his aſſiſtance, ſince a goddeſs had intereſted herſelf on the ſide of his enemies, (agreeably to Homer and Virgil.) Had the Knight directly fallen to the ground, he had been probably diſabled from future action, and conſequently the battle would too ſoon have been determined: beſides, we may obſerve a beautiful gradation, to the honour of the hero: he falls upon the Bear, the Bear breaks looſe, and the ſpectators run; ſo that the Knight's fall is the primary cauſe of this rout, and he might juſtly, as he afterwards did, aſcribe the honour of the victory to himſelf.

Like featherbed betwixt a wall,
And heavy burnt of cannon-ball.
As ſancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, ours far'd as well
In body, tho' his mighty ſpirit,
B'ing heavy, did not ſo well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worſted by the Knight;
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake off bondage from his ſnout:
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in ſtranger poſtures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had ſav'd
From ſquelch of Knight, and ſtorm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, becauſe the harms
He felt were 'gainſt the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him:
It griev'd him to the guts that they,
For whom he 'ad fought ſo many a fray,
And ſerv'd with loſs of blood ſo long,
Shou'd offer ſuch inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unſoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commiſſion;

And laid about him, till his noſe
From thrall of ring and cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Thro' thickeſt of his foes he charg'd,
And made way thro' th' amazed crew;
Some he o'erran, and ſome o'erthrew,
But took none; for by haſty flight
He ſtrove t' eſcape purſuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haſte
And dread as he the rabble chas'd;
In haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his fear a ſev'ral way.
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held
Tho' beaten down, and wounded ſore
I th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one:
He ſpying Hudibras lie ſtrow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, ſuppoſed wound,
And loſs of urine, in a ſwound,
In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,

℣. 906.—Avoid the conqu'ring *Knight.*] In edit. 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Reſtored 1710, as above.
℣. 920.—caſt *in ſwound.*] In the two firſt editions of 1664.

And fitting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on ſtump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of Crowd and ſkin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho, (who had now begun
T' adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with ſprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell muſician;
He ſnatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his ſteed,
(As rats do from a falling houſe)
To hide itſelf from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue Knight from black and blue;
Which ere he cou'd achieve, his ſconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;

℣. 923. *And* lifting *it*, &c.] In the two firſt editions of 1664.

℣. 924. ——*to* fall on *Knight.*] In the firſt edition of 1664.

℣. 935, 936. *Looking about, beheld the Bard.—To charge the Knight entranc'd prepar'd.*] Thus in edition 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Reſtored 1710.

℣. 944. *The* ſkin *encounter'd*, &c.] In the two firſt editions of 1664.

And now 't was rais'd to ſmite agen,
When Ralpho thruſt himſelf between;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To ſhield the Knight from further harm,
And joining wrath with force, beſtow'd
On th' wooden member ſuch a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And ſetting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus ſpoke: What deſp'rate frenzy
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thyſelf, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt arms, authority, and worſhip,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Tho' all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Cou'd not the whipping-poſt prevail,
With all its rhet'rick, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying ſcourge thy ſkin,
And ancle free from iron gin?
Which now thou ſhalt—but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how Hudibras does fare.

℣. 947.——on ſide and *arm.*] Two editions of 1664.

℣. 948. *To ſhield the Knight* entranc'd *from harm.*] In the two firſt editions of 1664.

This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright.
To rouse him from lethargick dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the spirits lodg'd within:
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conquerer;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That 's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
All save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd Cause undertake;
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail;
For one wink of your pow'rful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.

His Fiddle is your proper purchaſe,
Won in the ſervice of the Churches;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
For tho' ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt title on the conqueror;
Tho' diſpenſations were not ſtrong
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Altho' Outgoings did confirm,
And Owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, tho' uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the ſaint,
From whom th' injurioufly detain 't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horſes, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, maſks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, paraſites;
All which the ſaints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if they 'ad their due.
What we take from 'em is no more
Than what was ours by right before:
For we are their true landlords ſtill,
And they our tenants but at will.

v. 1009. It was a principle maintained by the Rebels of thoſe days, that dominion is founded on grace, and therefore if a man wanted grace (in their opinion) if he was not a ſaint or a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels. The Saints, as the Squire ſays, had a right to all, and might take it, wherever they had a power to do it.

At this the Knight began to rouſe,
And by degrees grow valorous:
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty ſpirit
Is rais'd too high; this ſlave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'neſs, ſooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his deſtruction; I that am
A Nothingneſs in deed and name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit carcaſe,
Or ill entreat his Fiddle or caſe:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conqu'ring ſword
To break a Fiddle, and your word?
For tho' I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, 't was in your name:
For great commanders always own
What 's proſp'rous by the ſoldier done.
To ſave, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will;

And that your will and pow'r have leſs
Than both might have of ſelfiſhneſs.
This pow'r, which now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead
Wou'd no more keep the ſlave in awe,
Than if you were a Knight of ſtraw;
For Death would then be his conqueror
Not you, and free him from that terrour.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too
To do as you reſolv'd to do:
But, Sir, 't would wrong your valour much,
To ſay it needs, or fears a crutch.
Great conqu'rors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than ſlain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greateſt fame
Of cripple ſlain can be but lame:
One half of him 's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one ſide light,
As worſhip did, when y' were dubb'd Knight;
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him priſoner of war,
And let him faſt in bonds abide,
At court of juſtice to be try'd;

Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his ſafety;
If any member there diſlike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will ſave or yield
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,
Tho' he has quarter, ne'ertheleſs
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe;
This has been often done by ſome
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom;
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe juſtice, and to ſome reveal'd:
For words and promiſes, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like Samſon's cuffs, tho' by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the Cauſe
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call juſt,
The Cauſe would quickly fall to duſt.

℣. 1084.] When the Rebels had taken a priſoner, though they gave him quarter, and promiſed to ſave his life, yet if any of them afterwards thought it not proper that he ſhould be ſaved, it was only ſaying it was revealed to him that ſuch a one ſhould die, and they hanged him up, notwithſtanding the promiſes before made. Dr. South obſerves of Harriſon the Regicide, a butcher by profeſſion, and preaching Colonel in the Parliament army, "That he was notable for having "killed ſeveral after quarter given by others, uſing theſe "words in doing it; "Curſed be he who doth the work of "the Lord negligently."

This we among ourſelves may ſpeak;
But to the wicked or the weak
We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, ſuch as theſe are.
This ſaid, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the bus'neſs done;
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and uſe
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms againſt him more.
Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſte,
And having ty'd Crowdero faſt,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his ſword
In triumph, whilſt the ſteeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.
The Squire, in ſtate, rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophee Fiddle and the caſe,
Leaning on ſhoulder like a mace.
The Knight himſelf did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his ſide;

℣. 1122. Plac'd *on* his *ſhoulder.*] Edition 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, *Leaning on ſhoulder.* Reſtored 1704.

And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat, againſt the tide and wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march on,
Until quite thro' the town they 'ad gone;
At further end of which there ſtands
An ancient caſtle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You ſhall not ſee one ſtone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'rful ſpell
Of magick made impregnable:
There 's neither iron-bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon ſcarce three inches wide;
With roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lie or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the middle-leg in priſon;

℣. 1130.] This is an enigmatical deſcription of a pair of ſtocks and whippingpoſt; it is ſo pompous and ſublime, that we are ſurpriſed ſo noble a ſtructure could be raiſed from ſo ludicrous a ſubject. We perceive wit and humour in the ſtrongeſt light in every part of the deſcription: and how happily imagined is the pun in ℣. 1143.? How ceremonious are the conquerors in diſplaying the trophies of their victory, and impriſoning the unhappy captive? What a diſmal figure does he make at the dark proſpect before him. All theſe circumſtances were neceſſary to be fully exhibited, that the reader might commiſerate his favourite Knight, when a change of fortune unhappily brought him into Crowder's place.

In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of ſubtile air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they 're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight
And bold Squire from their ſteeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there ſtands
A Baſtile, built t' impriſon hands;
By ſtrange enchantment made to fetter
The leſſer parts, and free the greater:
For tho' the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are faſt enough:
And when a circle 'bout the wriſt
Is made by beadle exorciſt,
The body feels the ſpur and ſwitch,
As if 't were ridden poſt by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er ſtirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a ſpire,
On which Sir Knight firſt bids the Squire
The Fiddle, and its ſpoils, the caſe,
In manner of a trophee place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in penſive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the ſurviver of his feet;

But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they releaſe,
Tho' a delinquent falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a ſtranger, he 's enlarged,
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up faſt in priſon for 't:
So Juſtice, while ſhe winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence ſometimes.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO III.

The Argument.

The ſcatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does ſally,
And is made priſ'ner: then they ſeize
Th' enchanted fort by ſtorm, releaſe
Crowdero, and put the Squire in 's place;
I ſhould have firſt ſaid Hudibras.

Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron?
What plaguy miſchiefs and miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with after-claps?
For tho' Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile,
And leer upon him, for awhile,
She 'll after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may ſing or ſay
I' th' ditty call'd, What if a Day?
For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop,
Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchaſe
Thankſgiving-day among the Churches,

Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
And regiſter'd by fame eternal,
In deathleſs pages of Diurnal,
Found in few minutes, to his coſt,
He did but count without his hoſt,
And that a turnſtile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horrour of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the Dogs, who in purſuit
Of the Knight's victory ſtood to't,
And moſt ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and ſweat)
Seeing the coaſt was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,

℣. 35. *Took heart again, and fac'd about.*] Took heart of *grace*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

℣. 37. *For now the half-defeated Bear.*] Thus altered 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Reſtored as above, 1704.

Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haſte
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring ſtill, until he found
He 'ad got the advantage of the ground,
And then as val'antly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warriour ſtout and politick,
Until, in ſpite of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a paſs, to hold diſpute
On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for awhile
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But ſtill their numbers ſo increas'd,
He found himſelf at length oppreſs'd,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,
That he reſolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his hide and careaſs at
A price as high and deſperate
As e'er he could. This reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The enemy, i' th' greateſt throng;

But what cou'd ſingle valour do
Againſt ſo numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were ſuch;
But one againſt a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was ſuddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight againſt a foe ſo great.
For now the Maſtives, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And ſetting his right foot before,
He rais'd himſelf to ſhew how tall
His perſon was above them all.
This equal ſhame and envy ſtirr'd
In th' enemy, that one ſhould bear'd
So many warriours, and ſo ſtout,
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, ſome in the rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, ſtill laid about;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is ſaid to fight upon his ſtumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If Trulla' and Cerdon in the nick
To reſcue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As ſhafts which long-field Parthians ſhoot,
(But not ſo light as to be borne
Upon the ears of ſtanding corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their ſtaves they liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the martial throng;
There pitying the vanquiſh'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who ſtood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *hum drum*,
And ſee ſtout Bruin, all alone,
By numbers baſely overthrown?
Such feats already he 'as achiev'd,
In ſtory not to be believ'd,
And 't would to us be ſhame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

℣. 102. *As ſhafts which long-field Parthians ſhoot.*] Thus it ſtands in the two firſt editions of 1664, and I believe in all the other editions to this time. Mr. Warburton is of opinion, that *long filed* would be more proper; as the Parthians were ranged in long files, a diſpoſition proper for their manner of fighting, which was by ſudden retreats and ſudden charges. Mr. Smith of Harleſton, in Norfolk, thinks that the following alteration of the line would be an improvement;

As long field ſhafts, which Parthians ſhoot.

I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him;
But then we muſt about it ſtraight,
Or elſe our aid will come too late;
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads to clear the ground,
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.
Mean-while th' approach'd th' place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conqu'ring foe they ſoon aſſail'd,
Firſt Trulla ſtav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their Maſtives loos'd their hold;
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worſted Bear came off with ſtore
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof againſt dead-doing ſteel
All over, but the Pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter loſt a leathern parcel

For as an Auſtrian archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Cloſe to his head, ſo Bruin far'd;
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other ſide,
Like ſcriv'ner newly crucify'd:
Or like the late-corrected leathern
Ears of the circumciſed brethren.
But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in 's noſe convey'd a ſtring,
With which ſhe march'd before, and led
The warriour to a graſſy bed,
As authors write, in a cool ſhade,
Which eglantine and roſes made;
Cloſe by a ſoftly-murm'ring ſtream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:
There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a ſong,
And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to eaſe his pain
His tugg'd ears ſuffer'd with a ſtrain
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great leader and the reſt.

For Orſin (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his ground,
In ſtanding fight, than for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)

Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſu'd the chaſe,
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his Bear purſu'd
So baſely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the proweſs,
But numbers, of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loſs of Hylas;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his ſad regret:
He beat his breaſt, and tore his hair,
For loſs of his dear crony Bear,
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did refound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall poets ſplayfoot rhymes,
That makes her, in their ruthful ſtories,
To anſwer to int'rogatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows;
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the lover's fancy.

℣. 189, 190.] This paſſage is beautiful, not only as it is a moving lamentation, and evidences our Poet to be maſter of the pathetick as well as the ſublime ſtyle, but alſo as it comprehends a fine ſatire upon that falſe kind of wit of making an echo talk ſenſibly, and give rational anſwers.

Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled? to my—Echo, Ruin.
I thought th' hadſt ſcorn'd to budge a ſtep
For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy ſtubborn heart?
Have theſe bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
For thy dear ſake. Quoth ſhe, Mum budget.
Think'ſt thou 't will not be laid i' th' diſh
Thou turn'dſt thy back? Quoth Echo, Piſh.
To run from thoſe th' hadſt overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou haſt no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet ſhame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to ſpend his blood in
His honour's cauſe? Quoth ſhe, a Puddin.
This ſaid, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly ſtomach burn'd;
Thirſt of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of ſorrow now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his wo
Should equal vengeance undergo,

And with their bones and fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd, and his Bear.
This being reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And rage he haſted to proceed
To action ſtraight, and giving o'er
To ſearch for Bruin any more,
He went in queſt of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But ſcarce had he a furlong on
This reſolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late ſubdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and ſhame,
Did equally their breaſts inflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;
Cerdon and Colon, warriours ſtout,
And reſolute, as ever fought;
Whom furious Orſin thus beſpoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus baſely brook
The vile affront that paltry aſs,
And feeble ſcoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th' had routed us in battle?

For my part, it ſhall ne'er be ſed
I for the waſhing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' raſcals, but loſs of my Bear,
Which now I 'm like to undergo;
For whether theſe fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my ſkill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it (as I ſhall no doubt,
Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handiwork,
And wiſh that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.
Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orſin, th' haſt
Great reaſon to do as thou ſay'ſt,
And ſo has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou haſt, or thy Bear:
Others may do as they ſee good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mungrel vermine, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.

†. 258. *Of them, but loſing of my Bear.*] 1674, and all editions to 1704, excluſive.

Thy Bear is ſafe, and out of peril,
Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
Myſelf and Trulla made a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's ſafe enough:
There let him reſt; for if we ſtay,
The ſlaves may hap to get away.
This ſaid, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the ſame deſign,
And forthwith put themſelves in ſearch
Of Hudibras upon their march:
Where leave we them awhile, to tell
What the victorious Knight befell;
For ſuch, Crowdero being faſt
In dungeon ſhut, we left him laſt.
Triumphant laurels ſeem'd to grow
No where ſo green as on his brow,
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring caſtle by,
To reſt his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruiſe
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneaſy pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang,
Which b'ing by ſkilful midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.

But all in vain: he 'ad got a hurt
O' th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By Cupid made, who took his ſtand
Upon a widow's jointure land,
(For he, in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
The ſhaft againſt a rib did glance,
And gall him in the purtenance:
But time had ſomewhat 'ſwag'd his pain,
After he had found his ſuit in vain:
For that proud dame, for whom his ſoul
Was burnt in 's belly like a coal,
(That belly that ſo oft' did ake,
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe raſcallion,
That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him) malion,
That cut his miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard a hearted one.
She had a thouſand jaddiſh tricks,
Worſe than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd freak ſhe had,
As inſolent as ſtrange, and mad;

V. 315, 316. In the two firſt editions of 1664, this and the following line ſtand thus:

As how he did, and aiming right,
An arrow he let fly at Knight.

She could love none but only ſuch
As ſcorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a ſtrange riddle of a lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her: hey day!
So cowards never uſe their might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight.
So ſome diſeaſes have been found
Only to ſeize upon the ſound.
He that gets her by heart, muſt ſay her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.
Mean-while the Knight had no ſmall taſk
To compaſs what he durſt not aſk:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion:
Like caitiff vile, that for miſdeed
Rides with his face to rump of ſteed;
Or rowing ſcull, he 's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and looks another way,
Until he ſeize upon the coney;
Juſt ſo does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her ſubtle ſnout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which ſhe return'd with ſo much ſcorn,
To be by man of honour borne;

℣. 338.—*Hey day!*] *Ha day!* In all editions till 1704, then altered to *Hey day*.

Yet much he bore, until the diſtreſs
He ſuffer'd from his ſpightful miſtreſs
Did ſtir his ſtomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her diſdain,
Turn'd to regret ſo reſolute,
That he reſolv'd to wave his ſuit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for awhile play leaſt in ſight.
This reſolution b'ing put on,
He kept ſome months, and more had done,
But being brought ſo nigh by Fate,
The vict'ry he achiev'd ſo late
Did ſet his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to diſcontinu'd hope,
That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her:
Theſe reaſons made his mouth to water
With am'rous longings to be at her,
Quoth he, unto himſelf, Who knows
But this brave conqueſt o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?
If nothing can oppugn love,
And virtue envious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?

But thou bringſt valour, too, and wit,
Two things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour 's a mouſe-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft' are taken in:
Then, Hudibras, why ſhouldſt thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror?
Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miſcarry:
Then while the honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.
Such thoughts as theſe the Knight did keep
More than his bangs, or fleas, from ſleep;
And as an owl that in a barn
Sees a mouſe creeping in the corn,
Sits ſtill, and ſhuts his round blue eyes,
As if he ſlept, until he ſpies
The little beaſt within his reach,
Then ſtarts, and ſeizes on the wretch;
So from his couch the Knight did ſtart,
To ſeize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with haſty tone and hoarſe,
Ralpho, diſpatch, to horſe, to horſe.
And 't was but time; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to ſeek him out,
By ſpeedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he enſcone'd,

And all th' avenues had poſſeſt,
About the place, from eaſt to weſt.
That done, awhile they made a halt
To view the ground, and where t' aſſault:
Then call'd a council, which was beſt,
By ſiege or onſlaught, to inveſt
The enemy; and 't was agreed
By ſtorm and onſlaught to proceed.
This b'ing reſolv'd, in comely ſort
They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another gate's adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching ſtorm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a danger,
To which he was an utter ſtranger,
That foreſight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his ſhame it might be ſed,
They took him napping in his bed,
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in ſciences profound.
His courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,

¶. 437.—*It might be ſed.*] This ſpelling uſed in all editions to 1704, inclusive. Altered to *ſaid*, 1710.

When ſetting ope the poſtern gate,
Which they thought beſt to ſally at,
The foe appear'd drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold Knight,
Surpris'd with th' unexpected ſight:
The bruiſes of his bones and fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh;
Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was ſoon converted to rage,
And thus he ſpoke: The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder 's rally'd, and appears
As if they had outrun their fears;
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat;
And to their wills we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 't is our doom.
This is the ſame numerick crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue;
The ſelf-ſame individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageouſly did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory: and when
We ſhall our ſhining blades agen

℣. 444. *To take the field, and ſally at.*] In edit. 1674, and the following ones, to 1704, excluſive.

Brandiſh in terrour o'er our heads,
They 'll ſtraight reſume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an ague, that forſakes
And haunts, by fits, thoſe whom it takes;
And they 'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
This ſaid, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his miſtreſs' name,
His piſtol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew;
And placing Ralpho in the front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the brunt,
As expert warr'ours uſe; then ply'd,
With iron heel, his courſer's ſide,
Conveying ſympathetick ſpeed
From heel of Knight to heel of ſteed.
Mean-while the foe, with equal rage
And ſpeed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handy-blows,
When Orſin firſt let fly a ſtone
At Ralpho; not ſo huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bunt withal;

¶. 472. *And haunts by fits.*] *Haunts by turns*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have ſent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which ſaints twice dipt are deſtin'd to.
The danger ſtartled the bold Squire,
And made him ſome few ſteps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his ſpirits half diſmay'd:
He wiſely doubting leſt the ſhot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a diſtance gall, preſs'd cloſe,
To come pellmell to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique line;
But prudently forebore to fire,
Till breaſt to breaſt he had got nigher;
As expert warriours uſe to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous Knight,
Moſt ſoldier-like, obſerv'd in fight,
When Fortune (as ſhe 's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to ſtickle.
The more ſhame for her Goodyſhip
To give ſo near a friend the ſlip.
For Colon, chuſing out a ſtone,
Levell'd ſo right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with ſuch a force,
As almoſt beat him off his horſe.

He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying faſt hold on the mane,
Preſerv'd his ſeat: and as a gooſe
In death contracts his talons cloſe,
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The tricker of his piſtol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to ſtout Hudibras,
In all its feats of arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it to proſper beſt,
So now he far'd: the ſhot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing
Upon his ſhoulder, in the paſſing
Lodg'd in Magnano's braſs habergeon,
Who ſtraight, A ſurgeon cry'd, A ſurgeon:
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did Murder, Murder, Murder, yell.
This ſtartled their whole body ſo,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He 'd won (the ſecond time) the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done.

℣. 523. *He loos'd his whinyard.*] Thus it ſtands in the firſt editions of 1664. Altered, 1674, to, *He loos'd his weapon:* ſo it continued to 1700. Altered, 1704, to, *He loſt his whinyard.*

℣. 545.] In the two firſt editions, for this and the three following lines theſe two are uſed,

As Ralpho might, but he with care
Of Hudibras his hurt forbare.

In 1674. *Hudibras his wound*, to 1704, excluſive.

But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his hurt, forbore
To preſs th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
In cloſe encounter, they both wag'd
The fight ſo well, 't was hard to ſay
Which ſide was like to get the day.
And now the buſy work of Death
Had tir'd them ſo, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the diſaſter of the Knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho preſs'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,
Each ſtriving to confirm his party
With ſtout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour ſtir
Your ſpirits up; once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd ſoe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your vict'ry as ſubdue,

℣. 551. *He had with Cerdon, &c.*] Editions 1674 to 1704. excluſive.

℣. 553. *So deſperately.*] 1674, &c.

℣. 560. *And force their ſullen rage to part.*] Thus altered 1674, to 1704, excluſive.

They durſt not, after ſuch a blow
As you have given them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a ſoldier
Had fled like crows when they ſmell powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your ſword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft';
But if you let them recollect
Their ſpirits, now diſmay'd and checkt,
You 'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet ye 've had, to get the day.
Thus ſpoke the ſtout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with ſmall regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy counſel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hoſe,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal criſis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Reſolv'd to pull my ſtomach down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial baſting, to deſpond;

℣. 587. *The* knotted *blood.*] Thus it is in all editions to 1710, and then altered to *clotted blood.*

Yet I'd be loath my days to curtal;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we 'ad time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the beſt courſe; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to ſeize on, the diſhonour
And danger too, is ſuch, I 'll ſooner
Stand to it boldly and take quarter,
To let them ſee I am no ſtarter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For thoſe that run away, and fly,
Take place at leaſt o' th' enemy.
This ſaid, the Squire, with active ſpeed,
Diſmounted from his bonny ſteed,
To ſeize the arms which, by miſchance,
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance:
Theſe being found out, and reſtor'd
To Hudibras, their nat'ral lord,
As a man may ſay, with might and main
He haſted to get up again.
Thrice he eſſay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft'

℣. 597.—*Curtal.*] In all editions to 1704, inclusive.

℣. 609, 610.] Not in the two first edit. of 1664, but added in 1674.

℣. 617.]

The active Squire, with might and main,
Prepar'd in haſte to mount again.

Thus altered 1674. Reſtored 1704.

He was pull'd back, till having found
Th'advantage of the riſing ground,
Thither he led his warlike ſteed,
And having plac'd him right, with ſpeed
Prepar'd again to ſcale the beaſt;
When Orſin, who had newly dreſt
The bloody ſcar upon the ſhoulder
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,
And now was ſearching for the ſhot
That laid Magnano on the ſpot,
Beheld the ſturdy Squire aforeſaid,
Preparing to climb up his horſe-ſide;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.
This ſaid, like to a thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' aſſault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horſe's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beaſt with active vau'ting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over;
When Orſin, ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On horſe and man ſo heavy a load,

The beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a ſack,
Or ſtout King Richard, on his back;
Till ſtumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſwoon.
Mean-while the Knight began to rouſe
The ſparkles of his wonted proweſs:
He thruſt his hand into his hoſe,
And found, both by his eyes and noſe,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with deſpiteful ire;
Courageouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other piſtol out;
And now had half-way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave ſo fierce a ſhock,
With ſturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm;
Then ſtoutly preſſing on with ſpeed,
Aſſay'd to pull him off his ſteed.
The Knight his ſword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the leaſt cropp'd off a limb,
But Orſin came, and reſcu'd him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight
Upon his quarters oppoſite:

But as a barque, that in foul weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to;
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppoſe;
Till Orſin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by ſpiteful chance
Hit Cerdon ſuch a bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And, raiſing up himſelf on ſtirrup,
Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtraight diſpatch another
To bear thee company in death;
But firſt I 'll halt awhile, and breathe;
As well he might; for Orſin, griev'd
At the wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Mean-while the Knight had wheel'd about
To breathe himſelf, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where beſt
He might the ruffled foe infeſt.
This b'ing reſolv'd he ſpurr'd his ſteed,
To run at Orſin with full ſpeed,
While he was buſy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware;

But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And ſeeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and ſtood upon his guard:
Then like a warriour right expert
And ſkilful in the martial art,
The ſubtle Knight ſtraight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occaſion ſhould invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his bum himſelf advanc'd,
Tho' ſorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
With ruthleſs bangs were ſtiff and ſore:
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone,
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won;
The foe is profligate and run:
I mean all ſuch as can, for ſome
This hand hath ſent to their long home;
And ſome lie ſprawling on the ground,
With many a gaſh and bloody wound.

Cæsar himself could never say
He got two vict'ries in a day
As I have done, that can say, twice I
In one day, *veni, vidi, vici*.
The foe 's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*,
And they *perire*, and yet enow
Be left to strike an after-blow;
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
Get up, and mount thy steed; dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your hands to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who are now run away.
That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras;)
We read, the Ancients held it was
More honourable far *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary;

The one we oft' to-day have done,
The other ſhall diſpatch anon:
And tho' th' art of a diff'rent church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This ſaid, he jogg'd his good ſteed nigher,
And ſteer'd him gently t'wards the Squire,
Then bowing down his body, ſtretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightning behind.
She had been long in ſearch about
Magnano's wound, to find it out,
But could find none, nor where the ſhot
That had ſo ſtartled him was got:
But having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own work at laſt,
The pillage of the priſoners,
Which in all feats of arms was her's;
And now to plunder Ralph ſhe flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To ſuccour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a load
Of blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On th' other ſide, that down he fell.
Yield, ſcoundrel baſe, (quoth ſhe) or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty;
But if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy

To try thy fortune o'er afreſh,
I'll wave my title to thy fleſh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And if thou haſt the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyſelf awhile,
And once more, for that carcaſs vile,
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word.
Firſt let me riſe and take my ſword;
That ſword which has ſo oft' this day
Thro' ſquadrons of my foes made way,
And ſome to other worlds diſpatcht,
Now with a feeble ſpinſter matcht,
Will bluſh, with blood ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no honour 's to be gain'd:
But if thou 'lt take m' advice in this,
Conſider, whilſt thou may'ſt, what 't is
To interrupt a victor's courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial force:
For if with conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor grace
By laws of arms, in ſuch a caſe;

¶. 791, 795.] What a generous and undaunted heroine was Trulla! She makes the greateſt figure in the Canto, and alone conquers the valiant hero of the Poem. There are few inſtances, I believe, in either romance or hiſtory that come up to this.

Both which I now do offer freely.
I ſcorn, (quoth ſhe) thou coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his ſpeech)
Quarter or counſel from a foe;
If thou can force me to it, do:
But leſt it ſhould again be ſed,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
This ſaid, ſhe to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows ſo fierce, and preſs'd ſo home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.
Stand to't, (quoth ſhe) or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting *arſie-verſie*
Shall ſerve thy turn.—This ſtirr'd his ſpleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Altho' th' already made him reel;
Honour, deſpight, revenge, and ſhame,
At once into his ſtomach came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick:
But ſhe upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them,

Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury,
Which long ſhe fail'd not of; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground:
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,
But in ſhe flew; and ſeconding,
With home-made thruſt, the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide,
And mounting on his trunk aſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe ſcum:
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And ſtain thine honour, than thy ſword?
A man of war to damn his ſoul,
n baſely breaking his parole;
And when before the fight, th' hadſt vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;

℣. 856.] Inſtead of this and the nine following lines, in edition 1674, and the following editions, theſe four ſtood in the two firſt editions of 1664;

Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin?
Or wilt thou be worſe than thy huffing?
Thou ſaidſt th' wouldſt kill me, marry wouldſt thou!
Why doſt thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou?

Now thou haſt got me for a Tartar,
To make m' againſt my will take quarter,
Why doſt not put me to the ſword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth Hudibras, The day 's thine own;
Thou and thy ſtars have caſt me down:
My laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conqu'ring brow:
My loſs of honour 's great enough,
Thou needſt not brand it with a ſcoff:
Sarcaſms may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illuſt'rous
For being benign, and not bluſtrous
Againſt a vanquiſh'd foe: their ſwords
Were ſharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courteſies about.
Quoth ſhe, Altho' thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe Slubberdegullion, to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the victory,
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my fame, than thy deſert,
Thy arms, thy liberty, beſide
All that 's on th' outſide of thy hide,

Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one ſtraw;
The reſt, thy life and limbs, once more,
Tho' doubly forfeit, I reſtore.
Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
For me to treat or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt I muſt obey;
Yet thoſe whom I expugn'd to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took priſ'ners in this quarrel.
Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was 't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into Lob's pound,
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy carcaſs ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchang'd for him.

℣. 913, 914.] This was but an equitable retaliation, though very diſgraceful to one of the Knight's ſtation. Is not the Poet to be blamed for bringing his hero to ſuch a direful condition, and for repreſenting him as ſtript and degraded by a trull? No, certainly. It was her right, by the law of arms, (which the Poet muſt obſerve) to uſe her captive at her pleaſure. Trulla acted more honourably by him than he expected, and gene-

This ſaid, the Knight did ſtraight ſubmit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he diſrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and forthwith diveſting
The mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o'er his ſturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers
Port-cannons, periwigs and feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting laſs
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Mean-while the other champions, yerſt
In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To ſhare i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide
With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden ſhower,
But Trulla thruſt herſelf between,
And ſtriding o'er his back agen,
She brandiſht o'er her head his ſword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her word;

rouſly ſkreened him from a threatening ſtorm, ready to be poured upon him by her comrades. With what pomp and ſolemnity does this famous heroine lead the captive in triumph to the ſtocks, to the eternal honour of her ſex?

She 'ad giv'n him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, ſhould make that quarter good?
For ſhe was bound, by law of arms,
To ſee him ſafe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, caſt
By Hudibras, as yet lay faſt,
Where, to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him ſhe reſolv'd that Hudibras
Should ranſom, and ſupply his place.
Thus ſtopp'd their fury, and the haſting
Which towards Hudibras was haſting,
They thought it was but juſt and right
That what ſhe had achiev'd in fight
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire firſt they made
Riſe from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horſes,
But with their faces to the arſes.
Orſin led Hudibras's beaſt,
And Talgol that which Ralpho preſt;
Whom ſtout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;

All uſh'ring Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either priſoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themſelves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted Caſtle,
Where ſtout Crowdero' in durance lay ſtill.
Thither with greater ſpeed than ſhows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do uſe t' allow, or than the Bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd,
In order ſoldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike poſture,
As fit for battle as for muſter.
The Knight and Squire they firſt unhorſe,
And bending 'gainſt the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter:
For he was ſkilful in Black Art,
No leſs than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which ſtraight all-enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground:
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his Fiddle and his caſe,

And liberty, his thirſty rage
With luſcious veng'ance to aſſuage;
For he no ſooner was at large,
But Trulla ſtraight brought on the charge,
And in the ſelf-ſame limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was ſhut;
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted manſion to know ſorrow,
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away:
But Hudibras, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Cheer'd up himſelf with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, *ſui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not reſtraint, or liberty,
That makes men priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half ſo wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,

¶. 1003. *Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole.*] Alter-ed, 1674, to, *i' the* wretched *hole*. Reſtored 1704.

Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes; who is not ſaid
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and ſob,
Becauſe he 'ad ne'er another tub.
The Ancients make two ſev'ral kinds
Of proweſs in heroick minds,
The active and the paſſive val'ant,
Both which are *pari libra* gallant;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-neceſſary:
But in defeats the paſſive ſtout
Are always found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſp'rately, and to outdo
The active, 'gainſt a conqu'ring foe.
Tho' we with blacks and blues are ſuggill'd,
Or as the vulgar ſay, are cudgell'd,
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can loſe no honour by 't.
Honour's a leaſe for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battel.
If he that in the field is ſlain,
Be in the bed of Honour lain,
He that is beaten may be ſed
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.

For as we ſee th' eclipſed ſun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light
He ſhines in ſerene ſky moſt bright;
So valour, in a low eſtate,
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.
Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none, that ſee how here we ſit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A carnal hourglaſs, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to ſay,
But not how much; ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who, without a cap and bawble,
Having ſubdu'd a Bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a ſecond proof?

℣. 1061, 1062.] In thoſe days there was always an hour-glaſs ſtood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpoſe for it, and faſtened to the board on which the cuſhion lay, that it might be viſible to the whole congregation; who, if the ſermon did not hold till the glaſs was out, (which was turned up as ſoon as the text was taken) would ſay that the preacher was lazy, and, if he held out much longer, would yawn and ſtretch, and by thoſe ſigns ſignify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his diſcourſe, and wanted to be diſmiſſed. Theſe hourglaſſes remained in ſome churches till within theſe forty years.

A politick exploit, right fit
For Preſbyterian zeal and wit.
  Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'ſt upon:
When thou at any thing wouldſt rail,
Thou tak'ſt Preſbytery, thy ſcale,
To take the height on 't, and explain
To what degree it is profane;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'-ye-call)
Thy Light jump right, thou call'ſt Synodical:
As if Preſbyt'ry were a ſtandard
To ſeize whats'ever's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this day
Thou to my beard was bold to ſay,
That thou cou'dſt prove Bear-baiting equal
With Synods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou canſt, for I deny 't,
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.
  Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in 's brains,
And cou'd believe it worth his pains:

℣. 1072.] Ralpho looked upon their ill plight to be owing to his maſter's bad conduct; and, to vent his reſentment, he ſatirizes him in the moſt affecting part of his character, his religion: this by degrees brings on the old arguments about Synods. The Poet, who thought he had not ſufficiently laſhed claſſical aſſemblies, very judiciouſly completes it, now there is full leiſure for it.

But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.
Synods are myſtical Bear-gardens,
Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babyloniſh ſport;
For Prolucutor, Scribe, and Bearward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but ſev'ral ſynagogues
Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both antichriſtian aſſemblies,
To miſchief bent as far's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with men, the other beaſts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and conſciences;
Where Saints themſelves are brought to ſtake
For Goſpel-light and Conſcience' ſake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Preſbyters,
Inſtead of Maſtive Dogs and Curs;
Than whom they've leſs humanity,
For theſe at ſouls of men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a viſion ſaw a Bear,
Preſiguring the beaſtly rage
Of Church-rule, in this latter age;

As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
Bears nat'rally are beaſts of prey,
That live by rapine; ſo do they.
What are their Orders, Conſtitutions,
Church-cenſures, Curſes, Abſolutions,
But ſev'ral myſtick chains they make,
To tie poor Chriſtians to the ſtake?
And then ſet Heathen officers,
Inſtead of Dogs, about their ears.
For to prohibit and diſpenſe,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heav'n to diſpoſe,
To play with ſouls at faſt and looſe;
To ſet what characters they pleaſe,
And Mulcts on ſin or godlineſs;
Reduce the Church to Goſpel-order,
By rapine, ſacrilege, and murder;
To make Preſbytery ſupreme,
And Kings themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all people, tho' againſt
Their conſciences to turn Saints;
Muſt prove a pretty thriving trade,
When Saints monopoliſts are made:
When pious frauds and holy ſhifts
Are Diſpenſations and Gifts,
There godlineſs becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry Synod but a fair.

Synods are whelps o' th' Inquiſition,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up, became the ſires
Of Scribes, Commiſſioners, and Triers;
Whoſe bus'neſs is, by cunning ſleight,
To caſt a figure for men's light,
To find, in lines of beard and face,
The phyſiognomy of Grace;
And by the ſound and twang of noſe,
If all be ſound within diſcloſe;
Free from a crack or flaw of ſinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing;
By black caps underlaid with white,
Give certain gueſs at inward light;
Which Serjeants at the Goſpel wear,
To make the Sp'ritual Calling clear.

℣. 1156.] Theſe Triers pretended to great ſkill in this reſpect; and if they diſliked the beard or face of a man, they would, for that reaſon alone, refuſe to admit him, when preſented to a living, unleſs he had ſome powerful friend to ſupport him. "The queſtions that theſe men put to the perſons to be examined were not abilities and learning, but "grace in their hearts, and that with ſo bold and ſaucy an "inquiſition, that ſome men's ſpirits trembled at the interrogatories, they phraſing it ſo, as if (as was ſaid at the coun-"cil of Trent) they had the Holy Ghoſt in a cloakbag."

Their queſtions generally were theſe, or ſuch like, When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit? In what year? in what month? In what day? about what hour of the day, had you the ſecret call, or motion of the Spirit, to undertake and labour in the miniſtry? What work of grace has God wrought upon your ſoul? And a great many other queſtions about regeneration, predeſtination, and the like.

The handkerchief about the neck
(Canonical cravat of ſmeck,
From whom the inſtitution came,
When Church and State they ſet on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of Spiritual Warfaring-men)
Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the neweſt cut in faſhion:
Sure 't is an orthodox opinion,
That Grace is founded in dominion.
Great piety conſiſts in pride;
To rule is to be ſanctify'd:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the body and the ſoul,
Is the moſt perfect diſcipline
Of Church-rule, and by right divine.
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than theſe by far:
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But theſe will not be fobb'd off ſo,
They muſt have wealth and power too;
Or elſe with blood and deſolation
They 'll tear it out o'th'heart o'th'nation.
Sure theſe themſelves from primitive
And Heathen prieſthood do derive,
When Butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and Preſbyters of Kirks;

Whoſe directory was to kill,
And ſome believe it is ſo ſtill.
The only diff'rence is that then
They ſlaughter'd only beaſts, now men.
For then to ſacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole nation.
Preſbytery does but tranſlate
The papacy to a free ſtate:
A commonwealth of Popery,
Where ev'ry village is a See
As well as Rome, and muſt maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan;
Where ev'ry Preſbyter and Deacon
Commands the keys for cheeſe and bacon,
And ev'ry hamlet 's governed
By 's Holineſs, the Church's head,
More haughty and ſevere in 's place,
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such Church muſt, ſurely, be a monſter
With many heads: for if we conſter
What in th' Apocalyps we find,
According to th' Apoſtle's mind,
'Tis that the whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon,
Which heads denote the ſinful tribe
Of Deacon, Prieſt, Lay-elder, Scribe.

Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As lions of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular. This zealot
Is of a mungrel, diverse kind,
Clerick before, and Lay behind;
A lawless linseywoolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water:
That always preys on grace or sin;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Thro' coarsest boulter others' gifts:
For all men live and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his;
He 'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle Light and Grace,
The manufacture of the Kirk.
Those pastors are but the handiwork
Of his mechanick paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling:
From whence they start up Chosen Vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.

So Cardinals, they ſay, do grope
At th' other end the new-made Pope.
Hold, hold quoth Hudibras, ſoft fire,
They ſay, does make ſweet malt. Good Squire,
Feſtina lente, not too faſt,
For haſte (the proverb ſays) makes waſte.
The quirks and cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe and built upon miſtake:
And I ſhall bring you, with your pack
Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be underſtood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue *dialecticẽs*.
The queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is, which is better or which worſt,
Synods or Bears? Bears I avow
To be the worſt, and Synods thou;
But to make good th' aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt they 're really all one.
If ſo, not worſe; for if they 're *idem*,
Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the ſame, by courſe
Neither is better, neither worſe.
But I deny they are the ſame,
More than a maggot and I am.

That both are *animalia*
I grant, but not *rationalia:*
For tho' they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find;
And can no more make Bears of theſe,
Than prove my horſe is Socrates.
That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,
Thou doſt affirm; but I ſay No:
And thus I prove it, in a word;
Whats'ever Aſſembly's not empower'd
To Cenſure, Curſe, Abſolve, and ordain,
Can be no Synod; but Bear-garden
Has no ſuch pow'r; *ergo*, 't is none,
And ſo thy ſophiſtry 's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beſide the queſt'on
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt conteſt on:
For that was, Whether Bears are better
Than Synod-men? I ſay *Negatur*.
That Bears are beaſts, and Synods men,
Is held by all: they 're better then;
For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
As beaſts; but Synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that Synod-men have tails;
Or that a rugged ſhaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of Preſbyter;
Or that his ſnout and ſpacious ears
Do hold proportion with a Bear's,

A Bear 's a ſavage beaſt, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lickt it into ſhape and frame:
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever Synod-man was lickt,
Or brought to any other faſhion
Than his own will and inclination.
  But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugn thyſelf and ſenſe; that is,
Thou wouldſt have Preſbyters to go
For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too:
A ſtrange chimera of beaſts and men,
Made up of pieces het'rogene;
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem ſubjecto yet.
  Thy other arguments are all
Suppoſures hypothetical,
That do but beg; and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid, which I know when
And where thou ſtol'ſt from other men,
(Whereby 't is plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary ſhifts)
And is the ſame that Ranter ſed,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,

†. 1329.] The Ranters were a vile ſect that ſprung up in thoſe times. Alexander Roſs obſerves, "That they held

And tore a handful of my beard;
The ſelf-ſame cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot diſpute about
This controverſy, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee agen.
Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuſe
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;

" that God, devil, angels, heaven, and hell, *&c.* were fic-
" tions and fables; that Moſes, John Baptiſt, and Chriſt, were
" impoſtors; and what Chriſt and the Apoſtles acquainted
" the world with, as to matter of religion, periſhed with
" them; that preaching and praying are uſeleſs, and that
" preaching is but publick lying; that there is an end of all
" miniſtry and adminiſtrations, and people are to be taught
" immediately from God," *&c.*

1339.] Ralpho was as great an enemy to human learning as Jack Cade and his fellow rebels. Cade's words to Lord Say, before he ordered his head to be cut off: " I am the be-
" ſom that muſt ſweep the Court clean of ſuch filth as thou
" art; thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of
" the realm in erecting a grammar-ſchool; and whereas be-
" fore our forefathers had no other books but the Score and
" the Tally, thou haſt cauſed *Printing* to be uſed; and, con-
" trary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou haſt built a
" *Papermill.* It will be proved to thy face, that thou haſt men
" about thee that uſually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and ſuch
" abominable words, as no Chriſtian ear can endure to hear."

'Twas the opinion of thoſe tinkers, tailors, *&c.* that go-verned Chelmsford at the beginning of the Rebellion, " That
" learning had always been an enemy to the Goſpel, and that
" it were a happy thing if there were no univerſities, and that
" all books were burnt except the Bible."

A trade of knowledge as replete,
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' encumber Gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet:
A cheat that ſcholars put upon
Other men's reaſon and their own;
A fort of errour, to enſconce
Abſurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious and abſtruſe,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplext and intricate:
For nothing goes for Senſe or Light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the ſchools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This Pagan, Heatheniſh invention
Is good for nothing but contention:

" I tell you (ſays a writer of thoſe times) wicked books do " as much wound us as the ſwords of our adverſaries; for " this manner of learning is ſuperfluous and coſtly: many " tongues and languages are only confuſion, and only wit, " reaſon, underſtanding, and ſcholarſhip, are the main means " that oppoſe us, and hinder our cauſe; therefore, if ever " we have the fortune to get the upperhand—we will down " with all law and learning, and have no other rule but the " Carpenter's, nor any writing or reading but the Score and " the Tally."

For as in ſword and buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light;
So when men argue, the great'ſt part
O' the conteſt falls on terms of art,
Until the fuſtian ſtuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' argument.
Quoth Hudibras, friend Ralph, thou haſt
Outrun the conſtable at laſt:
For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs as untrue,
But to the former oppoſite,
And contrary as black to white;
Mere *diſparata*; that concerning
Preſbytery, this human learning;
Two things ſ' averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit occaſion
T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this we 're in; therefore let 's ſtop here,
And reſt our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tir'd with other toil.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO I.

The Argument.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being caſt illegally in priſon,
Love brings his action on the caſe,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's viſit,
And cunningly ſolicits his ſuit,
Which ſhe defers; yet on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

But now, t' obſerve Romantique method,
Let bloody ſteel awhile be ſheathed;
And all thoſe harſh and rugged ſounds
Of baſtinadoes, cuts, and wounds,

Arg. ℣. 1, 2.] Thus altered, 1674.

The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in priſon,
The laſt unhappy expedition.

Reſtored 1704.

℣. 5. *How he receives*, &c.] *How he* revi's, &c. in the two firſt editions of 1664.

℣. 1.] The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps ſeem ſtrange and abrupt to thoſe who do not know that it was written on purpoſe in imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book of his Æneids in the very ſame manner, *At regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to ſatisfy the curioſity of thoſe who believe that invention and fancy ought to be meaſured, like caſes in law, by precedents, or elſe they are in the power of the critick.

℣. 2. *Let bloody ſteel*, &c.] Altered to *let* ruſty *ſteel*, 1674, 1684, &c. To truſty *ſteel*, 1700. Reſtored 1704.

℣. 5.] And the three following lines, ſtood in the two firſt editions of 1664, as follow:

Exchang'd to love's more gentle ſtyle,
To let our reader breathe awhile:
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is poſſible, by way of preface,
Is 't not enough to make one ſtrange,
That ſome men's fancies ſhould ne'er change,
But make all people do and ſay
The ſame things ſtill the ſelf-ſame way?
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights purſuing like a whirlwind:
Others make all their knights, in fits
Of jealouſy, to loſe their wits;
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
They 're forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plaiſters off their ſores;
As cripples do to get an alms,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in deſpite
O' geography, to change their ſite;
Make former times ſhake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.
But thoſe that write in rhyme ſtill make
The one verſe for the other's ſake;

> And unto love turn we our ſtyle,
> To let our readers breathe awhile,
> By this time tir'd with the horrid ſounds
> Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.

¶. 10. *That ſome men's fancies*, &c.] *That a man's fancy*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

For one for ſenſe, and one for rhyme,
I think 's ſufficient at one time.
But we forget in what ſad plight
We whilom left the captiv'd Knight
And penſive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into ſafe cuſtody.
Tir'd with diſpute, and ſpeaking Latin,
As well as baſting and Bear-baiting,
And deſperate of any courſe,
To free himſelf by wit or force,
His only ſolace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was ſo low,
That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend,
In which he found th' event, no leſs
Than other times, beſide his gueſs.
There is a tall long-ſided dame,
(But wondrous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin chameleon boards
Herſelf on air, and eats her words;
Upon her ſhoulders wings ſhe wears
Like hanging ſleeves, lin'd thro' with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets liſt,
Made good by deep mythologiſt :

ỽ. 32.—*Whilom.*] Formerly, or, ſome time ago. Altered to *lately*, 1674. Reſtored 1704

ỽ. 45.] The beauty of this conſiſts in the double meaning; the firſt alludes to Fame's living on Report. The ſecond is an inſinuation, that if a report is narrowly inquired into, and traced up to the original author, it is made to contradict itſelf.

With theſe ſhe thro' the welkin flies,
And ſometimes carries truth, oft' lies;
With letters hung, like eaſtern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furtheſt regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their publick uſe to bring down
The rate of whetſtones in the kingdom.
About her neck a packet-mail,
Fraught with advice, ſome freſh, ſome ſtale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monſters brought to bed;
Of hailſtones big as pullets' eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A blazing ſtar ſeen in the weſt,
By ſix or ſeven men at leaſt.
Two trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the ſame wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
Th' one Good, th' other evil Fame.
This tattling goſſip knew too well
What miſchief Hudibras befell,

℣. 77. *This tattling goſſip*, &c.] *Twattling goſſip*, in the two firſt editions of 1664. Altered, as it ſtands here, 1674.

And ſtraight the ſpiteful tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd ſo loud,
To ſee bawds carted thro' the crowd,
Or funerals, with ſtately pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn dump,
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as ſides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe wou'd go ſee the ſight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed Knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a goſſip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail the ſtocks,
To ſet at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ranſom,
To free him from th' enchanted manſion.
This b'ing reſolv'd, ſhe call'd for hood
And uſher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beſide a ſlender
Young waiting damſel to attend her.
All which appearing, on ſhe went
To find the Knight, in limbo pent:
And 't was not long before ſhe found
Him and his ſtout Squire in the pound;

† . 91. *And from his wooden jail,* &c.] This and the following line ſtand in the two editions of 1664 thus,

That is to ſee him deliver'd ſafe
Of 's wooden burden, and Squire Raph.

Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together:
For as he ſat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either ſide,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by joul,
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the ſudden,
As ſpirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful ſhapes th' appear.
No ſooner did the Knight perceive her,
But ſtraight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with diſgrace,
To be ſeen by' her in ſuch a place;
Which made him hang his head, and ſcoul,
And wink, and goggle like an owl:
He felt his brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the Dame accoſted him.
This place (quoth ſhe) they ſay 's enchanted,
And with delinquent ſpirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:

℣. 111, 112.] There was never certainly a pleaſanter ſcene imagined than this before us; it is the moſt diverting incident in the whole Poem. The unlucky and unexpected viſit of the Lady, the attitude and ſurpriſe of the Knight, the confuſion and bluſhes of the lover, and the ſatirical raillery of a miſtreſs, are repreſented in lively colours, and conſpire to make this interview wonderful pleaſing.

Look, there are two of them appear,
Like perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere.
Some have miſtaken blocks and poſts
For ſpectres, apparitions, ghoſts,
With ſaucer eyes, and horns; and ſome
Have heard the devil beat a drum;
But if our eyes are not falſe glaſſes,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 't was conjur'd and enchanted;
For tho' it be diſfigur'd ſomewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by 't.
When Hudibras the Lady heard,
Diſcourſing thus upon his beard,
And ſpeak with ſuch reſpect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it beſt to ſet as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he ſpoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard 's th' identique beard you knew,
The ſame numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himſelf.

℣. 142. *Diſcourſing thus upon his beard.*] Altered, 1674. To take kind notice of *his beard.* Reſtored 1704.

O heavens! quoth ſhe, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiſkers,
But by your dialect and diſcourſe,
That never ſpoke to man or beaſt,
In notions vulgarly expreſt:
But what malignant ſtar, alas!
Has brought you both to this ſad paſs?
Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am leſs afflicted for,
Than to be ſeen with beard and face
By you in ſuch a homely caſe.
Quoth ſhe, Thoſe need not be aſham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Tho' your's be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your viſage more adorn
Than if 't were prun'd, and ſtarch'd, and lander'd,
And cut ſquare by the Ruffian ſtandard.
A torn beard 's like a tatter'd enſign,
That 's braveſt which there are moſt rents in.
That petticoat about your ſhoulders,
Does not ſo well become a ſoldier's;
And I 'm afraid they are worſe handled,
Altho' i' th' rear, your beard the van led;

✱. 164.—*in ſuch a homely caſe.*] *In ſuch* elenctique *caſe*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

And thoſe uneaſy bruiſes make
My heart for company to ake,
To ſee ſo worſhipful a friend
I' th' pillory ſet, at the wrong end.
Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain,
Is (as the learned Stoicks maintain)
Not bad *ſimpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 't is underſtood.
Senſe is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other groſs *phænomenas*
In which it oft' miſtakes the caſe.
But ſince th' immortal intellect
(That 's free from errour and defect,
Whoſe objects ſtill perſiſt the ſame)
Is free from outward bruiſe or maim,
Which nought external can expoſe
To groſs material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be ſure
Whether we pain or not endure,
And juſt ſo far are ſore and griev'd
As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion ſtraight;
Others, tho' wounded ſore in reaſon,
Felt no contuſion, nor diſcretion.
A Saxon duke did grow ſo fat,
That mice (as hiſtories relate)

Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His phoique parts, without his feeling;
Then how is't poſſible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?
  Quoth ſhe, I grant it is in vain
For one that 's baſted to feel pain,
Becauſe the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain no med'cine can aſſuage.
  Quoth he, That honour 's very ſqueamiſh,
That takes a baſting for a blemiſh:
For what 's more hon'rable than ſcars,
Or ſkin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow:
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A ſhoe be Spaniſh or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With ſome whom they have taught that cunning.
The furtheſt way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the neareſt home.
By laws of learned duelliſts
They that are bruis'd with wood or fiſts,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and pultroons;

v. 232.—*Pultroons.*] *Pultroons* in all editions to 1716, inclusive. Altered, afterwards, to *poltroons*.

But if they dare engage t' a ſecond,
They 're ſtout and gallant fellows reckon'd.
'Th' old Romans freedom did beſtow,
Our princes worſhip, with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cur'd his ſplenetick
And teſty courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when ſome mighty lord
Or potentate 's to be reſtor'd,
And pardon'd for ſome great offence,
With which he 's willing to diſpenſe,
Firſt has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and ſide, t' a jelly;
That done, he riſes, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boaſting
Of his magnificent rib-roaſting.
The beaten ſoldier proves moſt manful,
That, like his ſword, endures the anvil,
And juſtly 's held more formidable,
The more his valour 's malleable:
But he that fears a baſtinado,
Will run away from his own ſhadow:
And tho' I 'm now in durance faſt,
By our own party baſely caſt,
Ranſom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worſe than by the en'my us'd;

℣. 241. *And pardon'd for ſome great offence.*] This and the following line, in the two editions of 1664, ſtand thus;

To his good grace, for ſome offence
Forfeit before, and pardon'd ſince.

In cloſe *cataſta* ſhut, paſt hope
Of wit or valour to elope;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, ſtill grow more reverend;
And cannons ſhoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth ſhe, You 've almoſt made me' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great ſtates,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of ſhame,
Like eaſt and weſt, become the ſame.
No Indian prince has to his palace
More foll'wers than a thief to the gallows.
But if a beating ſeem ſo brave,
What glories muſt a whipping have?
Such great achievements cannot fail
To caſt ſalt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of paſſive courage were ſo gallant,
As you ſtrain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and dote.
When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up 's ears, and ſtrok'd his beard,
Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flower:

This criſis then I 'll ſet my reſt on,
And put her boldly to the queſt'on.
Madam, what you wou'd ſeem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I 've been drubb'd, and with what ſpirit
And magnanimity I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I 'll ſtake myſelf down againſt you;
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both.
Quoth ſhe, I 've heard old cunning ſtagers
Say, fools for arguments uſe wagers;
And tho' I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit;
Which if you have, you muſt needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I 'm belov'd.
Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' inflict'on of a witch;
So cheats to play with thoſe ſtill aim,
That do not underſtand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Thoſe only that ſee nothing by 't.
Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again;

As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourſelf ſo much,
To bear all rivals elſe a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curſe
Than you upon yourſelf would force?
For wedlock without love, ſome ſay,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it raviſhment,
But b'ing againſt the mind's conſent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But tho' you cannot love, you ſay,
Out of your own fanatique way,
Why ſhould you not at leaſt allow
Thoſe that love you to do ſo too?
For, as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practiſe what you call a fault.

℣. 332.—Fanatique *way.*] *Fanatique* in ſome of the firſt editions, and *fanatick* in the reſt, from 1700, if not ſooner, to this time. Might not *fantaſtick* have been as proper, as his miſtreſs expreſſeth herſelf, ℣. 545, 546.

And yet 't is no fantaſtick pique
I have to love, nor coy diſlike.

Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay is true,
You muſt fly me as I do you;
But 't is not what we do, but ſay,
In love and preaching, that muſt ſway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulſe to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or (when I 'm in a fit) to hiccup.
Command me to piſs out the moon,
And 't will as eaſily be done.
Love's pow'r 's too great to be withſtood
By feeble human fleſh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hect'ring kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's ſkin
T' a petticoat, and made him ſpin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble diſtaff and a ſpindle.
'Twas he that made Emp'rours gallants
To their own ſiſters and their aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And fluxt the Houſe of many a burgeſs;
Made thoſe that repreſent the nation
Submit, and ſuffer amputation;
And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal
Adjourn to tubs at ſpring and fall.

He mounted Synod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made 'em curvet like Spaniſh Jenets,
And take the ring at Madam——
'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and froſty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of ſnow;
And tho' ſhe were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accoſt and tempt her,
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.
Quoth ſhe, if love have theſe effects,
Why is it not forbid our ſex?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And ſung, as out of tune, againſt,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find I've greater reaſon for it,
Than I believ'd before, t'abhor it.
Quoth Hudibras, Theſe ſad effects
Spring from your Heatheniſh neglects

℣. 370. *And take the ring at Madam* ——.] Stennet was the perſon whoſe name was daſhed (ſays Sir Roger L'Eſtrange, *Key to Hudibras.*) "Her huſband was by profeſſion a broom-"man and lay-elder. She followed the laudable employment "of bawding, and managed ſeveral intrigues for thoſe Bro-"thers and Sifters whoſe purity conſiſted chiefly in the white-"neſs of their linen."

Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourſelves with equal ſcorns,
And thoſe who worthy lovers ſlight,
Plagues with prepoſt'rous appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her ſweet;
And from her greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to proſtitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' ſweethearts:
Some with the dev'l himſelf in league grow,
By's repreſentative a Negro.
'Twas this made Veſtal maid loveſick,
And venture to be bury'd quick:
Some by their fathers and their brothers
To be made miſtreſſes and mothers.
'Tis this that proudeſt dames enamours
On lacquies, and *valets des chambres;*
Their haughty ſtomachs overcomes,
And makes 'em ſtoop to dirty grooms;
To ſlight the world, and to diſparage
Claps, iſſue, infamy, and marriage.
Quoth ſhe, Theſe judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch as I ſhould rather hear
Than truſt men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and ſecreſy in love.

¥. 406. *On lacquies and* valets des chambres.] *Varlets des chambres*, in all edit. to 1704, inclusive.

Says he, There is weighty reaſon
For ſecreſy in love, as treaſon.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windore eye does ſteal in,
To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a cloſer way,
Which whoſoever can diſcover,
He's ſure (as he deſerves) to ſuffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and ſparkles
In men, as nat'rally' as in charcoals,
Which ſooty chymiſts ſtop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coles;
So lovers ſhould their paſſions choke,
That tho' they burn, they may not ſmoke.
'Tis like that ſturdy thief that ſtole
And dragg'd beaſts backwards into 's hole;
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impreſſion may diſcover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I ſhould reveal
What you intruſt me under ſeal,
I'll prove myſelf as cloſe and virtuous
As your own ſecretary' Albertus.
Quoth ſhe, I grant you may be cloſe
In hiding what your aims propoſe:

* V. 418. *That at the* windore eye *does ſteel in.*] Thus it ſtands in all edit. to 1684, incluſ. Altered to *window eye*, edit. 1700. Reſtored again, 1726, if not ſooner.

Love-paſſions are like parables,
By which men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:
Tho' love be all the world's pretence,
Money 's the mythologique ſenſe,
The real ſubſtance of the ſhadow,
Which all addreſs and courtſhip 's made to.
Thought he, I underſtand your play,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his dame, muſt do
As Love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thruſt the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat:
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and bloſſoms at fourſcore:
'Tis that by which the ſun and moon,
At their own weapons, are outdone:
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and ſacred call:
For what is worth in any thing,
But ſo much money as 't will bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can ſolely call his own,

In which no creature goes his half,
Unleſs it be to ſquint and laugh?
I do confeſs, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at ſecond-hand;
And ſuch you are: nor is't your perſon
My ſtomach 's ſet ſo ſharp and fierce on;
But 't is (your better part) your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your perſon how you pleaſe,
Or make it o'er in truſt to the devil,
You'll find me reaſonable and civil.
Quoth ſhe, I like this plainneſs better
Than falſe mock-paſſion, ſpeech or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or ſowning,
But hanging of yourſelf or drowning;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like ninepins, they ſtrike others down;
So that wou'd break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
Theſe are but trifles; ev'ry lover
Will damn himſelf over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a leſs worthy miſtreſs' ſake:

V. 483.—*ſowning.*] Thus it ſtands in all editions to 1684, inclusive. Altered to *ſwooning*, 1700.

Yet they 're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs, or beats out 's brains,
The devil 's in him if he feigns.
Quoth Hudibras, This way 's too rough
For mere experiment and proof;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or dance in water,
And like a water-witch try love;
That 's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected:
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover:
Trust is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck:
Beside, th' experiment 's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay;
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves, in cheating fools;
And merchants, vent'ring thro' the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I advise you to;
Trust me, and see what I will do.
Quoth she, I should be loath to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none,

Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome deed
Of your's aforeſaid do precede:
Give but yourſelf one gentle ſwing,
For trial, and I 'll cut the ſtring;
Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
Or two, or three, againſt a wall,
To ſhew you are a man of mettle,
And I 'll engage myſelf to ſettle.
Quoth he, My head 's not made of braſs,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
Nor (like the Indian's ſcull) ſo tough,
That, authors ſay, 't was muſket-proof;
As it had need to be, to enter,
As yet, on any new adventure:
You ſee what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:
But if that 's all you ſtand upon,
Here ſtrike me, Luck, it ſhall be done.
Quoth ſhe, The matter 's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe; two words t' a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof;
And yet 'tis no fantaſtick pique
I have to love, nor coy diſlike;
'Tis no implicit, nice averſion
T' your converſation, mien, or perſon,
But a juſt fear, leſt you ſhould prove
Falſe and perfidious in love:

For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My faith as adamantin
As chains of Deſtiny, I 'll maintain:
True as Apollo ever ſpoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;
And if you 'll give my flame but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigſney,
The ſun and day ſhall ſooner part,
Than love or you ſhake off my heart;
The ſun, that ſhall no more diſpenſe
His own, but your bright influence.
I 'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-love-knots and flouriſhes
That ſhall infuſe eternal ſpring,
And everlaſting flouriſhing;
Drink ev'ry letter on 't in ſtum,
And make it briſk Champaign become.
Where'er you tread, your foot ſhall ſet
The primroſe and the violet;
All ſpices, perfumes, and ſweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
Nature her charter ſhall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die:

Only our loves ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New worlds and Nature's to outlive,
And like to heralds' moons remain,
All creſcents, without change or wane.
Hold, hold, quoth ſhe, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiſs;
For you will find it a hard chapter,
To catch me with poetique rapture,
In which your Maſtery of Art
Doth ſhew itſelf, and not your heart:
Nor will you raiſe in mine combuſtion,
By dint of high heroick fuſtion.
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a deſk to write upon,
And what men ſay of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian ſpices ſtrive
T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or ſeaſon her, as French cooks uſe
Their *haut-gouſts*, *boulbies*, or *ragouſts*:
Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the *facet doublet* doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:
Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyſter's, with
A row of pearl in 't, 'ſtead of teeth.
Others make poſies of her cheeks,
Where red and whiteſt colours mix;

In which the lily and the roſe,
For Indian lake and ceruſe goes.
The ſun and moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd and darken'd in the ſkies,
Are but black patches that ſhe wears,
Cut into ſuns, and moons, and ſtars;
By which aſtrologers, as well
As thoſe in heav'n above, can tell
What ſtrange events they do foreſhow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice the muſick of the ſpheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wiſe philoſophers have thought,
And that 's the cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe
Th' ador'd in rhyme would kill in proſe;
And in thoſe ribands would have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung,
That have the hard fate to write beſt
Of thoſe ſtill that deſerve it leaſt;
It matters not how falſe or fore'd,
So the beſt things be ſaid o' th' worſt;
It goes for nothing when 't is ſed,
Only the arrow 's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a ſwan or gooſe
They level at: ſo ſhepherds uſe

¥. 613.] And the three following lines, not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added 1674.

To ſet the ſame mark on the hip
Both of their ſound and rotten ſheep:
For wits that carry low or wide,
Muſt be aim'd higher, or beſide
The mark, which elſe they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you ſhould chuſe
This way t' attack me with your Muſe,
As one cut out to paſs your tricks on,
With Fulhams of poetique fiction:
I rather hop'd I ſhould no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting ſcore;
For hard dry baſtings us'd to prove
The readieſt remedies of love,
Next a dry diet; but if thoſe fail,
Yet this uneaſy loop-hold jail,
In which ye 're hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock:
Wedlock, that 's worſe than any hole here,
If that may ſerve you for a cooler
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That for a bruis'd or broken pate
Has freed you from thoſe knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage;

Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puiſſance;
Level at beauty and at wit;
The faireſt mark is eaſieſt hit.
Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your Conſtellation meet?
Quoth ſhe, What does a match imply,
But likeneſs and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yokefellow of your wit;
Nor take one of ſo mean deſerts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I cou'd believe,
I've not the conſcience to receive.
That conſcience, quoth Hudibras,
Is miſinform'd; I'll ſtate the caſe.
A man may be a legal doner
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he liſts,
I' th' judgment of all caſuiſts:
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By thoſe that are proprietors,
As I may give or ſell my horſe.
Quoth ſhe, I grant the caſe is true,
And proper 'twixt your horſe and you;

But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or ſell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worſe than thieves receivers are.
How ſhall I anſwer Hue and Cry,
For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All ſpurr'd and ſwitch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A ſorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were ſold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, ſhould I take you for a ſtray,
You muſt be kept a year and day,
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye're ſought, you may be found;
And in the mean-time I muſt pay
For all your provender and hay.
  Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myſelf, by topique clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loſs of virility's averr'd
To be the cauſe of loſs of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become:
This firſt a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who firſt of all cut men o' th' ſtone,

To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of ſow-geldering operation:
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear ſuch, or geldings either?
Next it appears I am no horſe,
That I can argue and diſcourſe,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.
Quoth ſhe, That nothing will avail;
For ſome philoſophers of late here,
Write men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis cuſtom makes them go
Erroneouſly upon but two;
As 't was in Germany made good,
B' a boy that loſt himſelf in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reaſons drawn from tails,
We cannot ſay they 're true or falſe,
Till you explain yourſelf and ſhow
B' experiment 't is ſo or no.
Quoth he, If you 'll join iſſue on 't,
I 'll give you ſat'sfact'ry account;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my ſpouſe.
That never ſhall be done (quoth ſhe)
To one that wants a tail, by me;
For tails by Nature ſure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;

And tho' the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beaſt they are ſo comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handſome,
I 'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I 'll be torn piecemeal by a horſe,
Ere I 'll take you for better or worſe.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is aſp, and baſiliſk, and toad,
Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a breath,
Each night he ſtinks a queen to death;
Yet I ſhall rather lie in 's arms
Than your's on any other terms.
Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I ſhall produce, upon my word;
And if ſhe ever gave that boon
To man, I 'll prove that I have one;
I mean by poſtulate illation,
When you ſhall offer juſt occaſion;
But ſince ye 've yet deny'd to give
My heart, your priſ'ner, a reprieve,
But made it ſink down to my heel,
Let that at leaſt your pity feel;
And for the ſuff'rings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter;
And by diſcharge, or mainprize, grant
Deliv'ry from this baſe reſtraint.

Quoth ſhe, I grieve to ſee your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg.
And if I knew which way to do't
(Your honour ſafe) I 'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knights have been ſet free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And ſometimes for it, too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oaths, and honour too;
For what are they renown'd and famous elſe,
But aiding of diſtreſſed damoſels?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or claſſique author yet of France;
And I 'd be loath to have you break
An ancient cuſtom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique uſe,
To free your heels by any courſe
That might b' unwholeſome to your ſpurs:
Which if I ſhould conſent unto,
It is not in my pow'r to do;
For 't is a ſervice muſt be done ye
With ſolemn previous ceremony;
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The charms of thoſe who here do lie:

For as the Ancients heretofore
To Honour's temple had no dore
But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So from this dungeon there 's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by paſſing
That other virtuous ſchool of laſhing,
Where knights are kept in narrow liſts,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wriſts;
In which they for awhile are tenants,
And for their ladies ſuffer penance:
Whipping, that 's Virtue's governeſs,
Tutreſs of arts and ſciences,
That mends the groſs miſtakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter,
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown:
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And freed with hon'rable diſcharge;
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are ſtraight preſented with credentials,
And in their way attended on
By magiſtrates of ev'ry town;
And all reſpect and charges paid,
They 're to their ancient ſeats convey'd.
Now if you 'll venture, for my ſake,
To try the toughneſs of your back,
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a whipping on,

(And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do 't)
I here engage myself to loose ye,
And free your heels from caperdewsie.
But since our sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,
Bring me on oath, a fair account,
And honour too, when you have don't;
And I 'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By dest'ny, why not whipping too!
What med'cine else can cure the fits
Of lovers when they lose their wits?
Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
A Persian emp'rour whipp'd his grannam,
The sea, his mother Venus came on;
And hence some rev'rend men approve
Of rosemary in making love.
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,

¶. 831. *I here engage myself to loose ye.*] This, and the following line, thus altered, 1674, &c.

I here engage to be your bayl,
And free you from the unknightly jayl.

Thus continued to 1700, inclusive. Restored 1704.

With comely movement, and by art,
Raiſe paſſion in a lady's heart?
It is an eaſier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather ſuffer whippin,
Than ſwallow toaſt of bits of ribbin?
Make wicked verſes, treats, and faces,
And ſpell names over, with beer-glaſſes?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's ſacrifice, and all a lie?
With china-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe chambermaids with love and money,
To break no roguiſh jeſts upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roſes,
With painted perfumes hazard noſes?
Or, vent'ring to be briſk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lantern?
All this you may compound for now,
By ſuff'ring what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone,
Did not the great La Mancha do ſo
For the Infanta Del Toboſo?
Did not th' illuſtrious Baſſa make
Himſelf a ſlave for Miſſe's ſake,
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?

Was not young Florio ſent (to cool
His flame for Biancaſiore) to ſchool,
Where pedant made his pathick bum
For her ſake ſuffer martyrdom?
Did not a certain lady whip,
Of late, her huſband's own lordſhip?
And tho' a grandee of the Houſe,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
Ty'd him ſtark-naked to a bedpoſt,
And firk'd his hide, as if ſhe 'ad rid poſt:
And after in the Seſſions court,
Where whipping 's judg'd, and honour for 't?
This ſwear you will perform, and then
I'll ſet you from th' inchanted den,
And the Magician's circle, clear.
Quoth he, I do profeſs and ſwear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never ſee you mine.
Amen, (quoth ſhe) then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out.
But ere an artiſt could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The ſun grew low and left the ſkies,
Put down (ſome write) by ladies' eyes.

℣. 894. *I'll ſet you from th' inchanted den.*] In all editions to 1734, inclusive. *I'll free you*, in later editions.

℣. 903.] The evening is here finely deſcribed; the Epicks are not more exact in deſcribing times and ſeaſons than our Poet. We may trace his hero morning and night; and it

The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from ſight,
(Myſterious veil, of brightneſs made,
That 's both her luſtre and her ſhade)
And in the lantern of the night,
With ſhining horns hung out her light;
For darkneſs is the proper ſphere
Where all falſe glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling ſtars began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd luſter,
While ſleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping penance, till the morn,
Our vot'ry thought it beſt t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of ſuch importance in the dark,
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do 't in th' open face of day;
And in the mean-time go in queſt
Of next retreat to take his reſt.

ſhould be obſerved, in the concluſion of this Canto, (conformable to the practice of the Criticks upon Homer and Virgil) that one day is only paſſed ſince the opening of the Poem.

¶. 911, 912.]

For darkneſs is the proper ſphere,
Where all falſe glories uſe t' appear.

Theſe two lines not in the two firſt editions of 1664, and firſt inſerted 1674.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO II.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire in hot diſpute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a ſudden fright
Of ſtrange alarm, and ſtranger ſight;
With which adventuring to tickle,
They 're ſent away in naſty pickle.

'Tis ſtrange how ſome men's tempers ſuit
(Like bawd and brandy) with diſpute,
That for their own opinions ſtand faſt
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;
That keep their conſciences in caſes,
As fiddlers do their crowds and baſes;
Ne'er to be us'd, but when they 're bent
To play a fit for argument:
Make true and falſe, unjuſt and juſt,
Of no uſe but to be diſcuſt;
Diſpute, and ſet a paradox,
Like a ſtrait boot, upon the ſtocks,
And ſtretch'd it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.

v. 2. (*Like bawd and* brandy.)] *Brandee*, in all editions to 1704, inclusive.

v. 14. *Mountayne*, or, *Mountaign—and Tully.*] In all editions to 1704, inclus. Altered to *Montaign* and *Lully*, in 1710, or 1716.

So th' ancient Stoicks, in their porch,
With fierce diſpute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and ſtudy,
To prove that virtue is a body,
That *bonum* is an animal,
Made good with ſtout polemique brawl;
In which ſome hundreds on the place
Were ſlain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of noſe, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their ſect averr'd.
All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath,
Had like t' have ſuffer'd for their faith;
Each ſtriving to make good his own,
As by the ſequel ſhall be ſhown.

The ſun had long ſince, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobſter boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt ſleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowſy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to riſe,
Reſolving to diſpatch the deed
He vow'd to do with truſty ſpeed:

℣. 29.] Several of the books in Homer's Iliad and Odyſſey begin with deſcribing the morning; ſo alſo does Mr. Butler take care to let the world know at what time of the day (which he exactly deſcribes) theſe momentous actions of his hero were tranſacted. The morning's approach, the Knight's riſing, and rouſing up his Squire, are humorouſly deſcribed.

But firſt with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling:
And after many circumſtances
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do uſe to ſpend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent deſcription,
They got (with much ado) to horſe,
And to the Caſtle bent their courſe,
In which he to the Dame before
To ſuffer whipping-duty ſwore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on the work in earneſt,
He ſtopp'd, and paus'd upon the ſudden,
And with a ſerious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new ſcruple in his head,
Which firſt he ſcratch'd, and after ſed;
Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I ſhould wave this ſwinging,

℣. 48.—*Whipping* duly *ſwore.*] In the two firſt editions.

℣. 55, 56.] This dialogue between Hudibras and Ralph ſets before us the hypocriſy and villany of all parties of the Rebels with regard to Oaths; what equivocations and evaſions they made uſe of, to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the ſeveral oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it ſuited their intereſt, as appears from ℣. 107, *&c.* and ℣. 377, *&c.* of this Canto, and Part III. Cant. III. ℣. 547, *&c.* Archbiſhop Bramhall ſays, "That the hypocrites of thoſe times, though they "magnified the obligation of an oath, yet in their own caſe "diſpenſed with all oaths, civil, military, and religious. We "are now told (ſays he) that the oaths we have taken are

And what I 've ſworn to bear forbear,
And ſo b' equivocation ſwear;
Or whether 't be a leſſer ſin
To be forſworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and ſubtle points, which muſt,
To inform Conſcience, be diſcuſt;
In which to err a title may
To errours infinite make way:
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy judgment, ere we further go.
Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin 't,
I ſhall enlarge upon the point;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out.
But firſt, to ſtate the caſe aright,
For beſt advantage of our light;
And thus 't is; Whether 't be a ſin
To claw and curry your own ſkin,
Greater or leſs, than to forbear,
And that you are forſworn forſwear.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The inward man,
And outward, like clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing;
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a ſpiritual myſtique ſenſe;

" not to be examined according to the interpretation of men:
" No! How then? Surely according to the interpretation of
" devils."

Which to miſtake, and make 'em ſquabble
In literal fray, 's abominable:
'Tis Heatheniſh, in frequent uſe
With Pagans and apoſtate Jews,
To offer ſacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols;
And mongrel Chriſtians of our times,
That expiate leſs with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination
Contrition and mortification.
Is 't not enough we 're bruis'd and kicked,
With ſinful members of the Wicked;
Our veſſels, that are ſanctify'd,
Profan'd, and curry'd back and ſide;
But we muſt claw ourſelves with ſhameful
And Heathen ſtripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, becauſe they did it:
This, therefore, may be juſtly reckon'd
A heinous ſin. Now to the ſecond;
That Saints may claim a diſpenſation
To ſwear and forſwear on occaſion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light: the point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion, ſo
As ſhadows to a ſubſtance do.

Then when they ſtrive for place, 't is fit
The weaker veſſel ſhould ſubmit.
Altho' your Church be oppoſite
To ours, as Blackfriars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a Reformado ſaint;
And what the ſaints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to:
But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some ſelf-advantage of their own:
For if the devil, to ſerve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the Saints ſhould ſcorn,
When it ſerves theirs, to ſwear and lie,
I think there 's little reaſon why:
Elſe he 'as a greater power than they,
Which 't were impiety to ſay.
We 're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to ſwear;
But to ſwear idly, and in vain,
Without ſelf-intereſt or gain:
For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of ſelf-denying,
A ſaint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence:

℣. 136.] When it was firſt moved in the Houſe of Commons to proceed capitally againſt the King, Cromwell ſtood up and told them, "That if any man moved this with de-"ſign, he ſhould think him the greateſt traitor in the

Some, to the Glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themſelves, and broke their word:
And this the conſtant rule and practice
Of all our late Apoſtles' acts is.
Was not the Cauſe at firſt begun
With perjury, and carry'd on?
Was there an oath the Godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in firſt,
Before our plate, to have them burſt,
And caſt in fitter models, for
The preſent uſe of Church and War?
Did not our Worthies of the Houſe,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?
For having freed us, firſt from both
Th' Alleg'ance and Suprem'cy oath,
Did they not next compel the nation,
To take, and break the Proteſtation;
To ſwear and after to recant,
The Solemn League and Covenant?
To take th' Engagement, and diſclaim it,
Enforc'd by thoſe who firſt did frame it?

" would; but ſince Providence and neceſſity had caſt them " upon it, he ſhould pray to God to bleſs their counſels." And when he kept the King cloſe priſoner in Cariſbrook Caſtle, contrary to vows and proteſtations, he affirmed " The " Spirit would not let him keep his word." And when, contrary to the publick faith, they murdered him, they pretended they could not reſiſt the motions of the Spirit.

Did they not ſwear, at firſt, to fight
For the King's ſafety, and his right?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horſe and foot;
But yet ſtill had the confidence
To ſwear it was in his defence?
Did they not ſwear to live and die
With Eſſex, and ſtraight laid him by?
If that were all, for ſome have ſwore
As falſe as they, if they did no more.
Did they not ſwear to maintain Law,
In which that ſwearing made a flaw?
For Proteſtant religion vow,
That did that vowing diſallow?
For Privilege of Parl'ament,
In which that ſwearing made a rent?
And ſince, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 't is well known.
Did they not ſwear, in expreſs words,
To prop and back the Houſe of Lords?
And after turn'd out the whole houſeful
Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuſeful.
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' Houſe;
Vow'd that the Redcoats would diſband,
Ay, marry wou'd they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and ſwore, and ſwore,
Till th' Army turn'd them out of dore.

This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and ſwearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To ſerve for an expedient.
What was the Publick Faith found out for,
But to ſlur men of what they fought for?
The Publick Faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' obſerve, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should Private Faith have ſuch a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the Good and Juſt in awe,
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.
A Saint 's of th' heav'nly realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to ſwear,
But on the Goſpel of his Honour,
Of which he may diſpoſe, as owner,
It follows, tho' the thing be forg'ry,
And falſe, th' affirm it is no perj'ry,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of ſpeech,
And goes for no more when 't is took,
Than mere ſaluting of the Book.
Suppoſe the Scriptures are of force,
They 're but commiſſions of courſe;
And Saints have freedom to digreſs,
And vary from 'em, as they pleaſe;

Or misinterpret them by private
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own priviledge?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
Their light within 'em) will not swear;
Their Gospel is an Accidence,
By which they construe Conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's head,
(The head and founder of their order,
That stirring hats held worse than murder)
These thinking they 're oblig'd to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath:
Like mules, who if they 've not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stockstill:
But they are weak and little know
What freeborn Consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil;
For Saints may do the same things by
The Spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do,
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea's expresst;

So in the Wicked there's no vice
Of which the Saints have not a ſpice;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a ſin.
Is't not ridiculous and nonſenſe,
A Saint ſhould be a ſlave to Conſcience,
That ought to be above ſuch fancies,
As far as above Ordinances?
She's of the wicked, as I gueſs,
B' her looks, her language, and her dreſs:
And tho' like conſtables, we ſearch
For falſe wares one another's Church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the Wicked due.
The truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal ſwine.
Quoth Hudibras, All this is true;
Yet 't is not fit that all men knew
Thoſe myſteries and revelations;
And therefore topical evaſions
Of ſubtle turns and ſhifts of ſenſe,
Serve beſt with th' Wicked for pretence,
Such as the learned Jeſuits uſe,
And Preſbyterians, for excuſe
Againſt the Proteſtants, when th' happen
To find their Churches taken napping:
As thus; A breach of Oath is duple,
And either way admits a ſcruple,

And may be *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than the injur'd taker;
For he that ſtrains too for a vow,
Will break it, like an o'erbent bow:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for Convenience took it.
A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
As ſound to' all purpoſes of troth,
As broken laws are ne'er the worſe,
Nay, till they 're broken have no force.
What's juſtice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no pow'r, but to admoniſh;
Cannot control, coerce, or puniſh,
Until they 're broken, and then touch
Thoſe only that do make 'em ſuch.
Beſide, no engagement is allow'd
By men in priſon made for good;
For when they 're ſet at liberty,
They 're from th' engagement too ſet free.
The Rabbins write, When any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation:
And have not two Saints pow'r to uſe
A greater privilege than three Jews?

The court of Conſcience, which in man
Should be ſupreme and ſoveran,
Is 't fit ſhould be ſubordinate
To ev'ry petty court i' th' ſtate,
And have leſs power than the leſſer,
To deal with perjury at pleaſure?
Have its proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of pie-powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For ſwearing *ex officio?*
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd at *vi. franc.* pledge?
Diſcover thieves, and bawds, recuſants,
Prieſts, witches, eveſdroppers, and nuſance;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
And have no pow'r at all, nor ſhift,
To help itſelf at a dead lift?
Why ſhould not Conſcience have vacation
As well as other Courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return;
And make as nice diſtinction ſerve
To ſplit a caſe, as thoſe that carve,
Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
Why ſhould not tricks as ſlight do points?
Is not th' High-court of Juſtice ſworn
To judge that law that ſerves their turn?

Make their own jealouſies high-treaſon,
And fix 'em whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?
Cannot the learned Counſel there
Make laws in any ſhape appear?
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to deſtroy,
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confeſs,
Impeach of treaſon whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn
Thoſe that engage their lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own ſenſe,
But what they ought by Oath and Conſcience.
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And ſell their blaſts of wind as dear,
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,
The ſame caſe ſev'ral ways adjudge?
As ſeamen with the ſelf-ſame gale,
Will ſev'ral diff'rent courſes ſail;
As when the ſea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Thoſe banks and dams, that, like a ſcreen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;

† 345.—*Grudge.*] *Gruich*, in the four firſt editions.

So when tyrann'cal uſurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man ſwear
What makes beſt for him in his anſwer?
Is not the winding up witneſſes,
And nicking, more than half the bus'neſs?
For witneſſes, like watches, go
Juſt as they 're ſet, too faſt or ſlow,
And where in Conſcience they 're ſtrait lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that ſide is caſt.
Do not your Juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cauſe, not heard it?
And as they pleaſe, make matter o' fact
Run all on one ſide as they 're packt?
Nature has made man's breaſt no windores,
To publiſh what he does within dores;
Nor what dark ſecrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh folly blab it.
If Oaths can do a man no good
In his own bus'neſs, why they ſhou'd,
In other matters, do him hurt,
I think there 's little reaſon for 't.
He that impoſes an Oath makes it,
Not he that for Convenience takes it:

¶. 353. *So when tyrann'cal.*] In the four firſt editions. Altered to *tyrannic'al*, in 1700, if not ſooner.

Then how can any man be ſaid
To break an oath he never made?
Theſe reaſons may perhaps look oddly
To th' Wicked, tho' they evince the Godly;
But if they will not ſerve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glaſſy bubble,
That finds philoſophers ſuch trouble
Whoſe leaſt part crackt, the whole does fly,
And wits are crackt to find out why.
Quoth Ralpho, Honour 's but a word
To ſwear by only in a Lord:
In other men 't is but a huff
To vapour with, inſtead of proof,
That like a wen, looks big and ſwells,
Inſenſeleſs, and juſt nothing elſe.
Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the world's opinion ſtill.
But as men are not wiſe that run
The ſlighteſt hazard they may ſhun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipt, or ſubſtitute.
Tho' nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear.
That Sinners may ſupply the place
Of ſuff'ring Saints, is a plain caſe.

Juſtice gives ſentence many times
On one man for another's crimes.
Our Brethren of New-England uſe
Choice Malefactors to excuſe,
And hang the Guiltleſs in their ſtead,
Of whom the Churches have leſs need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Uſe,
And mend men's lives as well as ſhoes.
This precious Brother having ſlain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
(Becauſe he was an Infidel)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our Elders an envoy,
Complaining ſorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
Againſt the articles in force
Between both Churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the Saints to render
Into his hands, or hang, th' offender;
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that ſerv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble)
Reſolv'd to ſpare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too

Impartial juſtice, in his ſtead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bedrid:
Then wherefore may not you be ſkipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philoſophers, but the Sceptick,
Hold whipping may be ſympathetick.
It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou haſt reſolv'd and clear'd the caſe;
And canſt, in Conſcience, not refuſe,
From thy own Doctrine, to raiſe Uſe:
I know thou wilt not (for my ſake)
Be tender-conſcienc'd of thy back:
Then ſtrip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward fellow a ferking;
For when thy veſſel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of ſinning will be ſtopp'd.
Quoth Ralpho, You miſtake the matter,
For in all ſcruples of this nature,
No man includes himſelf, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own ſelf catches
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himſelf convince,
By his own doctrine, of his ſins:
And tho' all cry down ſelf, none means
His own ſelf in a literal ſenſe:
Beſides, it is not only ſoppiſh,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popiſh,
For one man out of his own ſkin
To friſk and whip another's ſin;

As pedants out of ſchoolboys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this caſe it is profane,
And ſinful too, becauſe in vain;
For we muſt take our Oaths upon it
You did the deed. when I have done it.
  Quoth Hudibras, That 's anſwer'd ſoon;
Give us the whip, we 'll lay it on.
  Quoth Ralpho, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;
For when with your conſent 't is done,
The act is really your own.
  Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue 'gainſt the grain.
Or, like the ſtars, incline men to
What they 're averſe themſelves to do:
For when diſputes are weary'd out,
'Tis intereſt ſtill reſolves the doubt:
But ſince no reaſon can confute ye,
I 'll try to force you to your duty;
For ſo it is, howe'er you mince it,
As, e'er we part, I ſhall evince it;
And curry (if you ſtand out) whether
You will or no, your ſtubborn leather.
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy part
I' th' publick Work, baſe as thou art?
To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an op'lent ſpouſe,

Whoſe wealth his bowels yearn to purchaſe,
Merely for th' int'reſt of the Churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the Cauſe:
Nor ſhalt thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging:
If not, reſolve, before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a crow.
Ye 'ad beſt (quoth Ralpho) as the Ancients
Say wiſely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And Look before you ere you leap;
For As you ſow, ye're like to reap:
And were y' as good as George-a-Green,
I ſhould make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the iſſue
In a juſt quarrel, and mine is ſo.
Is 't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the Saints, like Biſhop Bonner?
A Knight t' uſurp the Beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raiſe brave trophies?
But I adviſe you (not for fear,
But for your own ſake) to forbear.
And for the Churches, which may chance,
From hence, to ſpring a variance,
And raiſe among themſelves new ſcruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politicks
We ſtill have worſted all your holy tricks;

Trepann'd your Party with intrigue,
And took your Grandees down a peg;
New-modell'd th' Army, and caſhier'd
All that to Legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utenſil o' your Church,
And after left it in the lurch;
A ſcaffold to build up our own;
And when we 'ad done with 't pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
And ſnapp'd their Canons with a Why-not:
(Grave Synod-men, that were rever'd
For ſolid face, and depth of beard)
Their Claſſique model prov'd a maggot,
Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their Diſcipline like a kitten,
On which they 'ad been ſo long a ſitting;
Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date and obſolete,
And all the Saints of the firſt graſs,
As caſtling foals of Balaam's aſs.

At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
And, ſtaring furiouſly on Ralph,
He trembled and look'd pale with ire,
Like aſhes firſt, then red as fire.

℣. 529. *O'er reach'd.*] In all editions but the two firſt of 1664, to 1704, inclusive. *Capoch'd* reſtor'd in later editions, which ſignifies *hooded, or blindfolded.*

℣. 543.] This, and the following line, not in the two firſt editions of 1664. Added 1674.

Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,
And for ſo many moons lain by 't,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ranſom
Much more conſid'rable and handſome,
But for their own ſakes, and for fear
They were not ſafe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a ſcoundrel,
An upſtart Sect'ry, and a mongrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,
And, like a maggot in a ſore,
Wou'd that which gave it life devour;
It never ſhall be done or ſaid:
With that he feiz'd upon his blade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his baſket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readineſs prepar'd,
To draw and ſtand upon his guard;
When both were parted on the ſudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all ſorts of noiſe had been
Contracted into one loud din;
Or that ſome member to be choſen,
Had got the odds above a thouſand;
And by the greatneſs of his noiſe,
Prov'd fitteſt for his country's choice.

This ſtrange ſurpriſal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And tho' they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battel,
Both thought it was the wiſeſt courſe
To wave the fight, and mount to horſe,
And to ſecure, by ſwift retreating,
Themſelves from danger of worſe beating,
Yet neither of them would diſparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,
Which made 'em ſtoutly keep their ground,
With horrour and diſdain windbound.
And now the cauſe of all their fear,
By ſlow degrees approach'd ſo near,
They might diſtinguiſh diff'rent noiſe
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettledrums, whoſe ſullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub,
But when the fight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique ſhew;
A triumph that, for pomp and ſtate,
Did proudeſt Romans emulate:
For as the Aldermen of Rome
Their foes at training overcome,

℣. 587. *They might diſtinguiſh*, &c.] They might *diſcern* reſpective noiſe, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

℣. 596. *Their foes.*] *For foes*, in all editions to 1704, inclusive.

And not enlarging territory,
(As ſome, miſtaken, write, in ſtory)
Being mounted in their beſt array,
Upon a car, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
Crying, Hey for our town, thro' the Borough;
So when this triumph drew ſo nigh,
They might particulars deſcry,
They never ſaw two things ſo pat,
In all reſpects, as this and that,
Firſt, he that led the cavalcate
Wore a ſow-gelder's flagellate,
On which he blew as ſtrong a levet,
As well-feed lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.
Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double baſe;
And after them, upon a nag,
That might paſs for a forehand ſtag,
A Cornet rode, and on his ſtaff
A ſmock diſplay'd did proudly wave;

℣. 609, 610.—*Cavalcate,—Flagellate.*] In the four firſt editions. Afterwards altered to, *cavalcade, flagellet.*

℣. 613, 614.] Theſe two lines are not in the two firſt edit. of 1664, but added in 1674.—*like Sweads*—Altered, 1684, to *Swedes.*

Then bagpipes of the loudeſt drones,
With ſnuffling, broken-winded tones,
Whoſe blaſts of air, in pockets ſhut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noiſe than ſwine,
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of paniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt with grains,
Which he diſpens'd among the ſwains,
And buſily upon the crowd
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horſe,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt ſpurs,
Ty'd to the pummel of a long ſword
He held reverſt, the point turn'd downward:
Next after, on a raw-bon'd ſteed,
The conqu'ror's Standardbearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat diſplay'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Beſtrid her beaſt, and on the rump on 't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warriour whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a ſpindle and a diſtaff,
Which as he rode ſhe made him twiſt off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her ſhoulder
Chaſtiz'd the reformado ſoldier.

Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers, and ſtaffiers on foot,
With lacquies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom ſome torches bore, ſome links,
Before the proud virago minx,
That was both Madam, and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous ſhout.
The Knight tranſported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons, and their ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On ſuch ſights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His an'madverſions, for his heart.
Quoth he, In all my life, till now,
I ne'er ſaw ſo profane a ſhow;
It is a Paganiſh invention,
Which Heathen writers often mention;
And he who made it had read Goodwin,
Or Roſs, or Cælius Rhodogine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That beſt deſcribe thoſe ancient ſhows;
And has obſerv'd all fit decorums
We find deſcrib'd by old hiſtorians:

℣. 671.] This, and the following line, not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added 1674.

For as the Roman conqueror,
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
Bore a ſlave with him in his chariot;
So this inſulting female brave
Carries, behind her here, a ſlave:
And as the Ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,
So her proud Standardbearer here,
Waves on his ſpear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperour:
And as in antique triumph eggs
Were borne for myſtical intrigues;
There 's one in truncheon, like a laddle,
That carries eggs too, freſh or addle;
And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout beſtows.
Quoth Ralpho, You miſtake the matter;
For all th' antiquity you ſmatter
Is but a riding us'd of courſe,
When The grey mare 's the better horſe;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vaſt dominion,
And in the cauſe impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her huſband with bull's pizzle,

And brought him under Covert-baron,
To turn her vaſſal with a murrain;
When wives their ſexes ſhift, like hares,
And ride their huſbands, like night-mares,
And they in mortal battle vanquiſh'd,
Are of their charter diſenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to diſtaff, horns, and wheels:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of courſe are underſtood.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou ſtill giv'ſt ſentence
Impertinently, and againſt ſenſe:
'Tis not the leaſt diſparagement
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;
That does not make a man the worſe,
Altho' his ſhoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to ſome tune.
A tailor's prentice has no hard
Meaſure, that's bang'd with a true yard;
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to ſurrender ere the aſſault,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour leſs
Than all the adverſity of ſucceſs;
And only unto ſuch this ſhew
Of horns and petticoats is due.

There is a leſſer profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:
For as ovation was allow'd
For conqueſt purchas'd without blood;
So men decree thoſe leſſer ſhows
For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of ſharp hard words, which ſome
Give battle with, and overcome;
Theſe mounted in a chair-curule,
Which Moderns call a Cuckling-ſtool,
March proudly to the river's ſide,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
Like dukes of Venice, who are ſed
The Adriatick ſea to wed;
And have a gentler wife than thoſe
For whom the ſtate decrees thoſe ſhows.
But both are Heatheniſh, and come
From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the Saints ſhould be withſtood,
As antichriſtian and lewd;
And we, as ſuch, ſhould now contribute
Our utmoſt ſtrugglings to prohibit.
This ſaid, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dogtrot thro' the bawling crowd
T' attack the leader, and ſtill preſt
Till they approach'd him breaſt to breaſt,
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made ſigns for ſilence; which obtain'd,

What means (quoth he) this devil's proceſſion
With men of orthodox profeſſion?
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
From Heatheniſm deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride
Upon her horned Beaſt aſtride,
Like this proud Dame, who either is
A type of her, or ſhe of this?
Are things of ſuperſtitious function,
Fit to be us'd in Goſpel ſunſhine?
It is an antichriſtian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery;
Of running after ſelf-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To ſcandalize that ſex, for ſcolding,
To whom the Saints are ſo beholden.
Women, who were our firſt apoſtles,
Without whoſe aid we 'ad all been loſt elſe;
Women, that left no ſtone unturn'd
In which the cauſe might be concern'd;

℣. 775.] The women were zealous contributers to the Good Cauſe, as they called it. Mr. James Howel obſerves, "That "unuſual voluntary collections were made both in town and "country; the ſeamſtreſs brought in her ſilver thimble, the "chambermaid her bodkin, the cook her ſilver ſpoon, into "the common treaſury of war.—And ſome ſort of females "were freer in their contributions, ſo far as to part with their "rings and earrings, as if ſome golden calf were to be mol-"ten and ſet up to be idolized."

Brought in their children's ſpoons and whiſtles,
To purchaſe ſwords, carbines, and piſtols;
Their huſbands' cullies, and ſweethearts,
To take the Saints' and Churches' parts;
Drew ſeveral Gifted Brethren in,
That for the Biſhops wou'd have been,
And fix'd 'em conſtant to the party,
With motives powerful and hearty:
Their huſbands robb'd, and made hard ſhifts
T' adminiſter unto their Gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To ſcraps and ends of gold and ſilver;
Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and ſpent
With holding forth for Parl'ament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings many a meal:
Enabled them, with ſtore of meat,
On controverted points, to eat;
And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ake,
With caudle, cuſtard, and plumcake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the Cauſe at London?
March'd rank and file, with drum and enſign,
T' intrench the City for defence in:
Rais'd rampiers with their own ſoft hands,
To put th' Enemy to ſtands;

From ladies down to oyſterwenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fall'n to their pickaxes, and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles.
Have not the handmaids of the City
Choſe of their Members a Committee,
For raiſing of a common purſe,
Out of their wages, to raiſe horſe?
And do they not as Triers ſit,
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they—At that an egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, beſmear'd,
With orange-tawny ſlime, his beard;
But beard and ſlime being of one hue,
The wound the leſs appear'd in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on the other ſide a load,
And quickly charg'd again gave fully,
In Ralpho's face, another volley.
The Knight was ſtartled with the ſmell,
And for his ſword began to feel;

℣. 807.] *Fall'n*, in the three firſt editions, *Fell*, edit. 1684.

℣. 813, 814.] "The Houſe conſidered, in the next place, "that divers weak perſons have crept into places beyond "their abilities; and, to the end that men of greater parts "may be put into their rooms, they appointed the Lady "Middleſex, Mrs. Dunch, the Lady Foſter, and the Lady "Anne Waller, by reaſon of their great experience in ſol- "diery in the kingdom, to be a Committee of Triers for the "buſineſs."

And Ralpho, ſmother'd with the ſtink,
Graſp'd his, when one that bore a link,
O' th' ſudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linſtock, to the horſes touch-hole;
And ſtraight another, with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beaſts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
Thro' which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray;
And tho' diſorder'd in retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his ſeat:
For quitting both their ſwords and reins,
They graſp'd with all their ſtrength the manes,
And, to avoid the foe's purſuit,
With ſpurring put their cattle to 't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After they 'ad paus'd awhile, ſupplying
Their ſpirits, ſpent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for action or diſcourſe;
  Quoth he, That man is ſure to loſe
That fouls his hands with dirty foes:
For where no honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd:

℣. 839.] *Rains*, in the four firſt editions.

'Twas ill for us we had to do
With ſo diſhon'rable a foe:
For tho' the law of arms doth bar
The uſe of venom'd ſhot in war,
Yet by the nauſeous ſmell, and noiſom,
Their caſe-ſhot ſavour ſtrong of poiſon,
And doubtleſs have been chew'd with teeth
Of ſome that had a ſtinking breath;
Elſe when we put it to the puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a bruſh:
But as thoſe poltroons that fling durt
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.
'Twas well we made ſo reſolute
A brave retreat without purſuit;
For if we had not, we had ſped
Much worſe, to be in triumph led;
Than which the ancients held no ſtate
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, being deſtin'd to aſſert
Her ſex's honour, reach her heart:

¶. 868.—*without purſuit.*] T' *avoid purſuit*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

And as ſuch homely treats (they ſay)
Portend good fortune, ſo this may.
Veſpaſian being daub'd with durt,
Was deſtin'd to the empire for't;
And from a ſcavinger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul addreſs
Preſage in love the ſame ſucceſs?
Then let us ſtraight, to cleanſe our wounds,
Advance in queſt of neareſt ponds;
And after (as we firſt deſign'd)
Swear I 've perform'd what ſhe enjoin'd.

℣. 879.] This, and the five following lines, not in the two firſt editions of 1664. Added in 1674.

CONTENTS.

	Page
PREFACE to the reader,	5
The life of Samuel Butler,	7
Monumental inſcription,	16
HUDIBRAS. IN THREE PARTS.	
Part I. Canto I.	17
—— Canto II.	59
—— Canto III.	111
Part II. Canto I.	165
—— Canto II.	201

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 61 JAN

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
April 3. 1784.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.